

The Black Cat.

Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Co.

P 131-3



April 1901

A Dallah of the Cinder-Path.

\$125 Prize Story.

Samuel Scoville, Jr.

A Touch of Nature.

William Forster Brown.

Jefferson Simms; His Exits and Entrances.

Henry Adelbert Thompson.

The Footsteps of Fear.

Fenny Kemble Johnson.

A Thousand-Dollar Job.

Richard Barker Shelton.

5
CENTS

No. 47. Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Co.

van Houten's Cocoa



Van Houten's Cocoa, the Best for Children.

The extremely nourishing qualities of Van Houten's Cocoa recommend it for children. It is a powerful aid in promoting the growth and strength of the young. It furnishes the necessary material for forming blood, brain, bone and muscle. Children and adults love it, because it is so nice. Suitable at all times, in all places, at all seasons, and easily and rapidly made ready. If "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," then also the mothers who nourish their children with Van Houten's Cocoa, lay the foundation for a future sturdy nation.

Don't forget to order it from the Grocery Stores next time.

Pears' Soap

*Good morning!
Have you used
Pears' Soap?*

All rights secured.



WORKING CAPITAL

If you have any capital—a hundred or a thousand dollars, or more—we offer you a good opportunity to make it “working” capital.

There is no experiment about it; the business is established; making money in making automobiles. The machines we make are made to go; the factory is being operated to its full capacity.

We want to keep up with the demand; want more factory room, more machinery, more men; and for that we want added capital.

We are getting it by selling some of our shares of stock at par value, \$25, per share. If you have any money to invest in a successful industrial business, we believe you will do well to investigate our proposition. In considering the matter, you should have these points in mind:

1. The business is established and in full successful operation.
2. Your capital will be associated with ours in it.
3. The automobile we make is not an experiment, but a practical machine, on the most approved lines of steam automobile construction. You don't care what makes it go, so long as it goes, and makes money for you.

For prospectus, with full particulars, address
SKENE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE CO.
INCORPORATED
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WHY NOT LEARN TO DRAW?



- A - SALARY

Only spare
moments
needed.

Send for descriptive catalogue "R."
Illustrating taught by correspondence.

OHIO SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
ATWATER BLDG., CLEVELAND, OHIO



SHORT STORIES

bring high prices. Thousands of good stories which might easily be made salable, make up the great mass of "rejected manuscripts." Our School of Journalism, in charge of successful authors, criticises, corrects and revises, as well as teaches how to write. Write for booklet.

NAT'L CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE
26-28 2d Nat'l Bank Bldg Washington D. C.

LEARN PROOFREADING

If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it at a good and unoverlooked profession paying \$15 to \$35 weekly. Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia.

AUTHORS' WRITINGS

Short and serial stories and verse, for magazines, newspapers and book form, PROMPT examination FREE. Expert editing and manifold type-writing. Plans of books brought and sold.

THE MANUSCRIPT COMPANY, 114 Fifth Ave., New York.

LEARN TO WRITE "ADS"

OUR GRADUATES ARE MAKING MONEY

Send for our large \$8 page prospectus with the whole story.

Page-Davis Advertising School, Suite 25, 167 Adams St., Chicago



Gen. Andrew Lewis.

DO YOU STAMMER

Write for our new 200-page book. The Origin and Treatment of Stammering, and how to cure it, containing 87 illustrations and half-tones explaining interesting to every stammerer. Sent free to any reader of The Black Cat for 6 cts. in stamps to cover postage.

The Lewis School for Stammerers, 50 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

BETTER THAN GOLD



Technical Education by Mail

The American School of Correspondence offers instruction in Engineering Courses under a staff of instructors trained in the best technical schools of the country. It is chartered under the educational laws of Massachusetts. It is located in Boston, the home of three of the foremost technical schools of the land. It is not intended to take the place of a residence school, but to enable that class of ambitious people who have no opportunity to attend a residence school to pursue—under the guidance of able instructors—studies during their leisure moments which they feel to be of value in their daily lives. To introduce the high standard of instruction the Trustees have voted to award a limited number of

Free Scholarships In Electrical Mechanical and Steam Engineering

Including a Thorough Course in Mechanical Drawing

This offer also affords an excellent opportunity for individual and private instruction in Mathematics, the Natural Sciences and Mechanical Drawing. Prospectus on request.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



THE COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM.

Under personal direction of **MURAT HALSTEAD**, the President. Endorsed by over 3,000 newspapers and periodicals. Practical newspaper work taught through home study, on easy terms. Prospectus free on application.

THE COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM,
Perry Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Be a Writer

Hundreds of writers are earning money with their pens. Why not take up the work yourself and earn money? Send two-cent stamp for our Prospectus containing helpful suggestions to young writers and valuable information concerning story writing. We have something of special interest to say to writers whether they write essays at school, stories or books. We revise and edit manuscripts. If you are trying for a prize-story contest you should have our Prospectus. **Writers-Aid Association, 150 D Nassau St., N. Y. City.**



SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Successfully Taught by Mail. Requires only a few minutes a day, before retiring, with no apparatus. Your individual condition carefully considered, and mild, medium or vigorous exercise prescribed exactly as your particular requirements and mode of living demand. Intelligent exercise will save most of the life to which the S. P. C. is held. Does not overtax the heart. Both sexes and all ages—from 15 to 65—are alike benefited. **MR. FREDERICK W. STONE**, director of Athletics of the Home School of Scientific Physical Culture, has been director of Athletics at Columbia College, The Knickerbocker Athletic Association and is at present with the Chicago Athletic Association. Illustrated Booklet, testimonials and measurement blank sent FREE.

The Home School of Scientific Physical Culture,
Suite 1061, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.



The ANGELUS

PIANO PLAYER



THE unused Piano should now be a thing of the past. Wherever there is a piano an Angelus is needed. It is not a self-playing Piano, but a wonderful little instrument by means of which anyone can play any piano—not as a self-playing piano plays, but with the touch and technique of the artistic musician, and with the individuality of the performer never lost.

The Angelus Orchestral Piano Player is the original Piano Player and with it the performer can produce effects not possible with any other. For example:

1. A Piano playing alone. 2. An Orchestral Organ playing alone. 3. A Piano with violin effect. 4. A Piano with flute effect. 5. Piano and Full Orchestral Organ combined, all at the same time.

The Angelus, being so much superior to supposedly similar instruments, we ask that you make the comparison yourself, feeling confident that after you have done so you will select the Angelus.

Angelus Piano Player, = \$225
Angelus Orchestral, = = \$250

If you cannot call to hear this instrument,
 send for handsome booklet telling all about it.

WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY,
 NEW YORK SALESROOMS, 164 FIFTH AVENUE.
 MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY, MERIDEN, CONN.



Alois P. Swoboda

teaches by mail, with perfect success, his original and scientific

method of Physiological Exercise without any apparatus whatever and requiring but a few minutes time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

**Absolutely Cures Constipation,
Indigestion, Sleeplessness,
Nervous Exhaustion,
...and revitalizes the whole body...**

Pupils are of both sexes, ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition, individual instructions are given in each case. Write at once, mentioning The Black Cat, for full information and convincing endorsements from many of America's leading citizens, to

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 57 Washington St., Chicago

**Cash
for
Stories**

Highest price for stories is paid by The Black Cat. Get your MS. ready for next Prize Contest. Merit only—not name or fame of author—counts. See page XII this issue.

**CAN
YOU
SING?**

A college course by correspondence. Sight Singing and Musical Theory. For Teachers. For Students. Circulars free. Cost low. Write now! Ent. School of Music, 20 W. 19th Street, New York

OPIUM

MORPHINE and LAUDANUM

habits cured by OPACURA a painless home treatment endorsed and used by leading Physicians. A TRIAL TREATMENT, sufficient to convince you it WILL CURE, sent FREE, with book of testimonials (sealed).

OPA SPECIALTY CO., Dept. G Chicago.

SHORT STORY WRITING

By Charles Raymond Barrett, Ph. B.
12mo, cloth, \$1.00

A PRACTICAL treatise on the art of the short story. It is a working manual which tells how to write a story with reference to the requirements of contemporary editors.

"It carries a general application that all literary workers may profit by, as in its chapters on Titles, Style, and the Labor of Authorship."—*Freelance*.

"The book can hardly fail to be of much practical assistance to the novice in short story writing."—*Review of Reviews*.

"A volume of definition, criticism and instruction. Sensible and based upon careful and intelligent study."—*Contemporary Critic*.

The BAKER & TAYLOR COMPANY
Publishers, 33-37 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

**Lackawanna
Railroad**

**MAGNIFICENT DAILY SERVICE
BETWEEN
NEW YORK and BUFFALO
NEW YORK and CHICAGO
NEW YORK and ST. LOUIS**

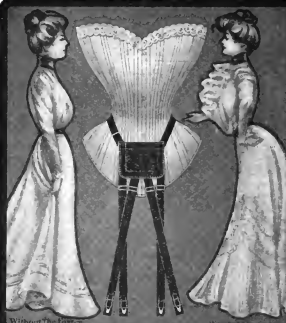
Tickets and reservations at 409 Broadway,
219 Main Street, Buffalo; 125 Adams Street,
Chicago; Eighth and Olive Streets, St. Louis.

The Lackawanna Railroad presents unparalleled facilities and opportunities for industry and manufacturers.

General Offices at Exchange Place, New York City.

The general completeness of the arrangement makes it an ideal route for ladies travelling alone from New York to Buffalo. I am and especially find travelling and especially the comfort of The Lackawanna.
Sincerely, Viola Allen.

The Lackawanna Railroad, New York
For ease and comfort to the traveler, arranged one to three Lackawanna sections. The freedom from dirt, sickness, fresh fruit and travelling clothes, and



The straight military front shown in figure to right of illustration is secured by wearing

THE FOSTER HOSE SUPPORTER

Patented December 5, 1899

The only supporter with a pad large enough and supporting bands strong enough to push back the entire abdomen, assuring the wearer a correct standing position and the much desired straight front. It has a waist band which presses on the sides of the waist, making it round, and has no metal parts to mar or tear the corset.

Three Grades:

- Wide web black or white, 60c
- Wide web, fancy frilled, 75c
- Black, white, cardinal, blue or pink
- Heavy silk web, \$1.25
- Large pad if desired

See that the name "Foster" is stamped on every pair. Get it of your dealer. If he hasn't it, take no substitute, but order of us direct. Name your dealer, and give color, height and waist measure.

THE FOSTER HOSE SUPPORTER CO.
199 N. Van Buren St., Chicago.

Without The Foster

A RARE CHANCE.

If you are able to invest in stock in any new enterprise, take it in one that supplies SOMETHING that EVERYBODY or EVERY HOUSEHOLD NEEDS EVERY DAY.

THE NO RUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

of Boston, is precisely such an enterprise. It is incorporated with \$500,000 capital to manufacture and sell NO RUB SILVER POLISH. The article is of such superior merit that almost immediately after being placed on the market it was a unique success. Why NO RUB was this unique success: Because it has proven itself to be absolutely better than all others for these reasons: It cleanses and polishes instantly. You do NO RUBBING whatever. It leaves no powder in the engraved parts, and is absolutely harmless to the most delicate surface.

The original proprietors, being handicapped by limited facilities for supplying the demands, interested several Boston capitalists in the enterprise, among them David E. Gould, Trustee Boston Store and Realty Trust Co.; Warren Emerson, President Essex Bank, Haverhill, Mass.; George H. Jones, Capitalist, Chelsea, Mass.; and others equally well known.

The stock, which is divided into 20,000 shares of a par value of \$25 each, has been largely subscribed, but 2,000 shares are offered for public subscription at \$30 a share. These shares are first issue treasury stock, full paid and non-assessable.

The business is already established; the goods are selling in nearly every State east of the Mississippi; and the increased facilities afforded by the new factory about to be erected are such as to guarantee a handsome return upon the investment. We want to interest conservative investors in our proposition, and will gladly send to any address full illustrated prospectus with sample of polish.

For full particulars, address

UNION TRUST CO., Washington St., Boston, Mass.

The Black Cat

A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories.

Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Co. All rights reserved.

No. 67.

APRIL, 1901.

5 cents a copy.
50 cents a year.

Entered at the Post-Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

THE BLACK CAT is devoted exclusively to original, unusual, fascinating stories — every number is complete in itself. It publishes no serials, translations, borrowings, or stealings. It pays nothing for the name or reputation of a writer, but the highest price on record for *Stories that are Stories*, and it pays not according to length, but according to strength. To receive attention, manuscripts must be sent unrolled, fully prepaid, and accompanied by addressed and stamped envelope for return. All MSS. are received and returned at their writers' risk.

CAUTION. — *The entire contents of THE BLACK CAT are protected by copyright, and publishers everywhere are cautioned against reproducing any of the stories, either wholly or in part.*

A Delilah of the Cinder-Path.*

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.



It all began with a letter in an odd, twisted hand that informed Richard Brayton, Esq., of Danvers-Island-on-the-Sound that Miss Leslie was stopping for two or three days at the Victoria, in New York, with her aunt, and that they would be glad to see the said Richard there if his athletic duties would permit of his calling, etc., etc. The athletic duties as above referred to were no other than the representing of America in the mile run at the great Anglo-Saxon International Meet, then less than a week away. For, after years of negotiations, manœuvrings and diplomacy, Great Britain and her Colonies were to meet the United States at the Danvers Island athletic field in games that would decide the athletic supremacy of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations once and for all. England's world in Europe, Asia, Africa and the Islands of the Sea had been ransacked to form a team that should "lift" the great jewelled Anglo-Saxon Challenge Cup. Nor had America been idle. From the Gulf to the Falls, and from Coney Island to the Seal Rocks, her

* Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

* The writer of this story received a cash prize of \$125 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending March 31, 1900.

seventy-five millions had been sifted to find men worthy to protect her athletic honor. Sir William Massey, the Mæcenas of English athletics, had organized and was to captain the English team, while "Uncle Billy" Smith, the Mentor and authority on athletics in America, performed a similar duty for the United States.

Into the healthful monotony of Dick's training came this letter, demoralizing to the last degree, for every line of the strange handwriting was redolent with memories of Madge Leslie; memories of a moon-path on the purple Irish Sea; of a lonely nook by the spare anchor on the good steamer *Scotia*; of maddening violet eyes that gleamed from beneath long, black lashes; of a soft, vibrant little hand; of a voice whose every cadence was a caress — there was no end to them. And memories are worse for training than cigarettes. The first evidence of the demoralization wrought was that Dick sat with his feet on the piazza railing and gazed dreamily out on the Sound, when by rights he should have been jogging a fast two miles on the track. The crisis came that night.

"She wants to see you! wants to see you!" chanted Sentiment boisterously, hurrying Dick into his evening clothes.

"Only common courtesy," retorted Reason, icily. "And besides, a man in training has no business to make calls."

"How about that last night on the *Scotia*, eh?" enquired Sentiment, insinuatingly, starting Dick towards town with the utmost rapidity.

"Nothing but the moonlight," rejoined Reason, scornfully; "dangerous thing, moonlight, especially on the water."

"We'll settle it by seeing her," replied Sentiment, craftily, sending up cards at the Victoria.

Midnight found Dick sitting by his bedroom window, fully dressed, staring out into the night.

"She's the only girl in the world. What dear, maddening, tender, wicked eyes she has," babbled Sentiment, incoherently. "If only her aunt had stayed away five minutes longer."

"Well, it wasn't the moonlight," acknowledged Reason, weakly, as Dick rolled into bed. But a night's sleep revived the controversy.

"What made you tell her, an English girl, how you were going to run an international race?" Reason began acrimoniously.

"Because she asked me," Sentiment responded, absently.

"It's science that wins nowadays," she said, "and the whole world loves a winner — and — she's going to give me an answer after the games!" shouted Sentiment, suddenly, and Reason fled for his life.

Dawned at last the great day that was to decide the battle of the Anglo-Saxons when British muscle and endurance were to be pitted against American nerve and skill. The athletic field at Ardley Oval, with its famous egg-shaped track, had been selected as the meeting place, and not since the golden days of Greece, when an assembled world thronged the sides of the Hill Cronion at Olympia, had met a vaster crowd. The track had been surrounded by enormous tiers of seats that would accommodate a hundred thousand people and every inch of space was taken. One side, beneath a huge waving Union Jack, was given up to the subjects of the Queen, and they awaited the initial event with that imperturbable self-confidence which is at once the envy and the exasperation of the rest of the world. The crowd was a cosmopolitan one. Well-groomed Englishmen and wretchedly gowned Englishwomen sat next to slouch-hatted wheat princes from Manitoba, while "belted earls," unkempt Australian ranchmen and sallow East Indians fraternized with the utmost good-fellowship. The bleachers beneath the floating Stars and Stripes were equally crowded by delegations from every State in the Union, who consumed the wait in cheering with laudable patriotism everything American, from the flag to a piano-organ which played "There'll Be a Hot Time."

At either end of the oval on the green turf stood a great white tent where the members of each national team were to await their turn. In characteristic manner each captain heartened his men for the approaching struggle. Sir William adjusted his monocle firmly and regarded his team.

"You look fairly fit, gentlemen," he said, approvingly; "just compete up to your form and we win."

In the other tent Uncle Billy Smith was the orator of the occasion. His final exhortation to his team from the top of the rubbing table, although not so brief as that of Sir William, was equally to the point.

"Boys," he shouted, every gray hair on his head standing upright. "We're up against the pick of the world to-day, and we're going to beat 'em! We've always beaten 'em! Think of '76, think of 1812, think of — Oh, think of any old thing you darn please — only beat 'em!"

Uncle Billy climbed down amid riotous applause and instantly the tent was filled with the feverish taint of the raw alcohol with which supple-handed rubbers began to massage limbs on whose strength and speed that day depended a nation's honor. Seven events constituted the programme. First places alone scored, and each nation was limited to two entries in each contest, while the captains were pledged to limit the make-up of their teams solely to amateur British or American-born citizens.

The suspense of the long wait had gradually wrought the crowd up to a fever of excitement. A dozen leathern-voiced announcers roared out the event and the names of the competitors through megaphones to all points of the great circumference, while a hush of tense expectancy fell upon the crowd. Through it cut the shrill whistle of the starter, and from either tent the two competitors in the short dash came forward simultaneously to the start and eyed each other hard as they shook hands formally, while a roar of cheers ran from one side of the great amphitheatre to the other as the old Saxon love of battle seized and maddened the crowd. They were in strange contrast. McPherson, who ran for Britain, was an Australian, gaunt-muscled and burned by a tropical sun almost black, while the American champion, Dalton, seemed commonplace and youthful, with a placid, expressionless face. Both men by their performance were in a class by themselves and were entered without running mates.

But at the crack of the starter's pistol Dalton's face changed as if a mask had dropped from it. From a round-faced school-boy, he became a young demon, running with a mad abandon and fire that shot him to the front from the very flash of the signal. At the fifty-yard mark he was full two yards in the lead, skimming over the ground with the short, rapid stride that had earned him the nickname of the "Creeper." But his gain stopped at the half-way mark. The Australian's gait, ungraceful, with a long plunging stride, was one that needed the momentum of distance to reach its

climax. Slowly the awkward plunges increased in length and rapidity and the long, brown, sinewy figure drew nearer and nearer to the leader, until, at ninety yards, the two were racing neck and neck. Within a stride or so of the finish, as if some hidden spring had been touched, McPherson's whole body seemed to shoot forward in one sustained movement that broke the tape six inches ahead of his opponent. England had scored first blood and a chorus of deep-throated cheers from the Union-Jack side fairly shook the bleachers.

The next event, the high jump, was almost universally conceded to America, even by the most sanguine supporters of England, for Myers, the champion of the States, was a jumper whose ordinary performance outclassed anything on the British record-books. Many thought that the English team would offer no entry and that America would take the event by default. Yet as Myers sauntered confidently out from his tent he started back in astonishment. For the British entry was a shrivelled, brown-skinned man, with deep sunken eyes and a row of strange white scars running all down his shrunken arms. There was a moment of puzzled silence, then went up a gigantic roar of laughter as England's representative squatted impassively on his heels by the take-off and fixedly regarded his opponent and the scene in general with half-shut eyes that glittered like crumbs of glass beneath his shaggy brows.

"Our entry is Bahadur Khan," drawled the slow voice of Sir William, in response to a murmured enquiry from the referee. "He is a Bhil of British India, and, of course, a British subject. Mr. Khan occasionally practices high-jumping — er — as — er — a religious observance."

All further remarks were cut short by another roar of laughter, in the midst of which the referee's whistle blew. Myers, who had been regarding his diminutive opponent with unmixed contempt, won the toss and elected to take first jump with the bar at five feet, six inches. This height he negotiated like a bird with the peculiar scissor-like jump which he had brought to such perfection. Bahadur Khan still crouched motionless when his turn came.

"Our entry passes the height," explained Sir William to the referee. Inch by inch the height crept up and still Bahadur Khan

waited impassively. Well did Myers prove his reputation that day, until the bar stood a fraction of an inch above any known record of the world. Two failures. Then, for the last time, with his curious zigzag run, he approached the take-off. A tremendous spring, a writhe in mid-air, until the lithe body hung for a heartbeat almost parallel with the bar, and then a deft snap of the arms and legs cleared it, and Myers pitched head first into the soft earth, safe on the other side.

"It's your entry's try," said the referee to the English captain, after the tumult had died down.

"He claims the privilege of the rule," said the latter, indifferently, "and does not try until your man reaches his limit. Then, as I understand the rule, he has three tries at any distance equal to or above his opponent's best. I am right, am I not?"

"That is the rule," assented the referee.

America then announced that her entry rested on his last jump and the whole world waited for Bahadur Khan. For a moment he sat, seemingly unconscious of the crowd, and then slowly waved his open hand toward the bar with a curious lifting gesture.

"Our entry wants the bar raised," explained Sir William to the referee. The bar was raised, in response to Bahadur Khan's outstretched hand, higher and higher until the attendants were straining on tip-toe to place it across the pegs.

"Bahadur Khan, of British India, is England's entry. The bar stands at seven feet," thundered a dozen different megaphones to all parts of the crowd.

"Seven feet! That's a horse's record!" exclaimed a slouch-hatted ranchman from a front seat, and a puzzled silence fell on the whole crowd.

When the silence was complete Bahadur Khan finally arose and, throwing off his mantle, stood naked except for a pair of loose trunks. For a moment he looked at the bar, that stood full two feet above his head, and then, stretching forth his hand with a wild gesture towards the sun, he slowly walked back until he was some twenty yards from the take-off. Then like a flash the sinewy little body dashed straight at the bar, crouching as it ran. Ten feet from the take-off the wizened little figure shot straight into the air as if from a spring-board, rising up and up until the feet

were higher than the head, until finally, with a writhing-lift, as if from some invisible leverage, the whole body shot over the bar and landed feet foremost on the other side. The great crowd literally gasped for breath as Bahadur brushed the loose earth from his legs and disappeared inside the English tent. The whole performance was so impossible that it seemed positively uncanny.

The gloom of this double defeat was a little brightened for America when her entry, an undergraduate of the University of California, won the high hurdles handily. But the quarter mile again dashed her hopes. With magnificent judgment the British champion made his effort at just the right instant and won by inches. The only remaining events were the hammer-throw and the ten and one mile runs, in all three of which England was considered hopelessly strong. But the Saxon courage that burns brightest under defeat is a heritage that America shares equally with the mother-country, and though three straight victories were now necessary to win, her athletes never flinched. In the weight-throwing contest the English champion was a Goliath, a Highlander nearly seven feet in height, but he met his David in the form of an unassuming young man from Philadelphia, whose scientific swing, with every ounce of his body back of it, availed more than all the ponderous muscle of his opponent. With but two events left a tie was the best that the most sanguine American supporter dared hope for. Lang, the English distance runner, had only recently broken the world-record in the ten-mile run in a performance seconds better than anything reported in America.

The starter's whistle sounded and the American champion met the two English entries at the start.

"Is America ready?" enquired the referee, seeing that Uncle Billy was apparently waiting.

"Our second-string will be here in a moment," responded the latter. Even as he spoke the door of the little training-house near the American tent opened and a figure emerged that made even the impassive Sir William drop his monocle and stare open-mouthed with the rest. For America's second-string was an Indian, resplendent in war-paint, which with breech-clout and moccasins completed his costume.

"America's second entry is Matzu, an Indian of the Zuñi tribe,"

explained Uncle Billy gravely, "and a native-born American. He occasionally runs as — er — a religious ceremony."

As he approached the start the English runners regarded him with that disdain that a Briton always entertains for inferior races. Yet Matzu took his position in a manner that showed he was no novice in racing, though he gazed curiously at his unfamiliar surroundings. When the pistol sounded Lang started off with the heart-breaking burst of speed which he always displayed on the first mile.

Matzu seemed perfectly willing to follow his companion's lead and fell into the last place with a stride that despite his moccasined feet was a marvel of length and spring. For the first mile Lang led at a terrific pace, followed closely by the American champion, while the Indian trailed unconcernedly thirty yards in the rear. That distance covered, little by little Lang began to draw away from all save the Indian, who kept his place. Gradually the leader slackened his pace perceptibly as he deemed that he held his field safe. The Indian, maintaining his same swinging, even gait, seemed to regard the shouting crowd with much more interest than he did his competitors. Little by little he forged ahead of all save Lang, and as the latter began the third mile, the Indian was less than ten yards behind. Soon the rapid, even pat-pat of moccasined feet behind him told Lang of a rival who could not be overlooked and the sound stung him into new bursts of speed that for a time carried him out of ear-shot. Yet ever as he slackened his speed the steps came relentlessly nearer and nearer until the Indian's even breathing was at his very shoulder. Again he spurted, but it was a last effort, and in a few moments the Indian was again abreast of him. As they ran for awhile neck and neck the two were in strange contrast. The Englishman, with swollen veins and labored breathing, was straining every nerve and muscle to hold his place, while the Indian, with an effortless gait, seemed to regard his exhausted rival with an amused curiosity. At the end of another lap, in spite of Lang's most desperate efforts, the Indian's even stride gave him the lead. From then it was but a question of time. Lang was hopelessly beaten, and though he spurted gallantly, and now and again regained some of his lost distance, the gap

between himself and the Indian grew wider and wider and the latter at last broke the tape and the world's record together, half a lap ahead. Matzu calmly continued on his way after crossing the line, and it was not until he had proceeded nearly an extra lap that Uncle Billy could make himself heard above the uproar of cheers and laughter and convince his protégé that the race was over.

And now as the last contest, that was to decide the day, drew near, the tension became well-nigh unendurable. The grandly-fought drawn battle maddened the spectators. The Britons had lost their natural calm and the deep crashing notes of "God Save the Queen" thundered back across the arena in answer to the lilt and swing of the "Star Spangled Banner." No voice of officer or announcer could be heard above the roar of the two great fighting nations of the earth, exulting in the strength and speed of their sons by blood and adoption. Only in the tents was there silence, for there it was felt, as it could not be outside, that on the speed and endurance of two men hung the honor of two nations. Uncle Billy himself gave Dick a final rub-down to limber up his muscles and then every man in the team crowded up to shake his hand and wish him luck. It was a very cold hand, clammy with the weary terror of waiting that frets into the courage of the bravest. But Dick's eyes had a steady fire in them and his face, though white, had the setness of steel.

The national slogans ceased for a moment from sheer exhaustion of the singers and in the lull the referee seized his opportunity to sound his whistle for the last event. As the two champions came out from their tents, each with his running-mate, they stepped into a very tempest of sound. All the cheering before was a whisper to the hoarse roars that swept back and forth across the little arena. But as they approached the start there came a silence while the vast crowd bent eagerly forward in order that they might not miss a detail of this last struggle of the nations. As the men shook hands with the usual grim cordiality, Dick for the first time met Moran, the English champion. He saw a slight, beautifully built man, who seemed to be something over thirty, with a mocking, resolute face, that in some vague way seemed strangely familiar. The American campaign of the

race had been carefully planned. Dick's running-mate was to jump into the lead at the start, fight for it throughout and keep the pace as slow as possible, so that Dick's marvellous sprinting powers might not be exhausted before the finish. Moran had drawn the pole, then came Dick and the English and American second-strings, in the order named. "Get ready!" called the starter in his slow monotone, and every man dug his marks in the cinders with his spiked shoes. "Get set!" and all four bent forward, each in his favorite starting position.

For a second that seemed years the starter held them while every tense muscle quivered for the pistol. A false start or slip over the line meant ten yards penalty. "Crack!" went the pistol and the report boomed like a cannon in the waiting ears as all four sprang forward. From the outside the American second-string came across in a sprint for the pole and the lead. But strangely enough, Moran, a slow starter, if the reports were to be believed, would not be denied, but raced neck and neck for some minutes with the surprised second-string and, finally winning the pole, began to skim down the back-stretch at a tremendous clip. By a sprint Dick's running-mate won the lead as they neared the end of the first lap, but lost it the minute he tried to slow the pace. As they whirled past the starting-post in a bunch Dick essayed the rôle of pacemaker himself, in the hope that he might be more successful in gradually slowing the tremendous pace that the Englishman was setting. With a spurt he jumped the lead, quickened the pace for a few seconds and then gradually began to lower it with infinite care. Yet his gait had hardly slowed perceptibly before a mocking face flashed up even with his and he heard Moran half-whisper as he went past with a rush, "It's science that wins nowadays." The murmured words were like the slash of a whip across Dick's face and for a moment he saw red. Madge had betrayed him, and for a moment the sting of the thought swept from Dick's mind even the madness of the race. He came to himself to find Moran ten yards in the lead and trying his best to make a runaway race of it. Dick set his teeth grimly and swore to himself to win that race if his heart broke at the tape. Now for the third time the four swept past the starting-post and began the bitter third quarter, the quarter that tests the

very soul of a racer when the ache of the distance makes the taxed muscles and the flagging brain alike cry for rest with the finish still a weary way off. The two second-strings began to drop back, while Dick quickened his pace a little and strained every muscle to overtake Moran. His chest felt as if bound with a choking iron band and his legs began to acquire that strange helpless feeling with which sorely-taxed muscles protest against any further effort. Yet foot by foot he neared the figure ahead, though every stride racked his very vitals. On the back of Moran's jersey, plunging ahead, was a rusty spot, and Dick found himself wondering what made it. Then he fell to counting his steps, a last device to fight off the numbness that was stealing from his legs to his brain. The two second-strings dropped farther and farther back, unable to endure the terrific pace. Now the great bell on the starting-post clanged the signal that the leader had begun his last lap. Right at his shoulder ran Dick. The smile was gone from Moran's face and his stride wavered a little, while Dick's eyes began to take on a hot, dry, unseeing stare. Under a thunder of cheers from both nations they turned into the back-stretch and quickened their speed. At the last corner, just before the home-stretch was reached, Moran ran wide and Dick, with a staggering plunge, shot in between him and the pole and they swung into the home-stretch neck and neck. Fifty yards of terrible struggle lay between them and the thin red thread that marked the goal. Both men were nearly exhausted, but both summoned every ounce of reserve power for a last desperate effort. Men in the grand-stands leaned forward with tears running down their faces and stretching out their arms to the staggering runners, called them by name and begged them by their blood, by the honor of their nation, for one last effort.

"Come on, Moran! Come on, Brayton! For the love of God, come on!" they pleaded. Both men were lurching along in staggers, with Moran a shade in the lead. Unused to such a tremendous pace at the start, all of Dick's famed speed at the finish had been drained. Bright flashes darted before his eyes, there was a taste of blood in his mouth and from his waist down his body felt dead, while every stride seemed to tear his very heart-strings. Now the goal is a scant yard away and Moran

leads by an inch. Dick collects all his strength for a desperate *coup* and with a tremendous effort throws himself forward through the air at the end of a stride, and, even as he falls unconscious, feels the blessed pressure of the thread as it breaks against his breast a tiny inch before Moran's upraised foot—so close is the victory—reaches the ground beneath.

The white face and arms were streaked with black and blood where the sharp cinders had gashed them, but men stood uncovered and women wiped their eyes as two of the judges at the finish tenderly carried the unconscious figure of the winner to the American tent, and even in the full ecstasy of an unequalled victory there was no cheering until the resident physician of the Club announced that it was only a case of collapse, and that the victor would be himself again in a few hours.

Then how that horde of hoarse, hatless, perspiring Americans cheered, borrowing all the announcers' megaphones to help swell the tumult. They cheered Brayton, and they cheered Moran, they cheered Bahadur Khan and Matzu, they conscientiously cheered every officer and competitor by name, and finally ended in a prolonged and mighty cheer for old England. Then every Englishman shook the hand of every American that he could find, and plain ordinary every-day Americans slapped miscellaneous members of Parliament and peers of the kingdom on their noble backs unrebuked, and there was rejoicing galore on both sides. For the men of the Saxon blood, be they victors or vanquished, love foemen who have given them a fair, hard fight.

Several hours after the crowd had dispersed, Dick lay in bed in a private room at the club-house, staring at the ceiling, when there was a knock, and Robert, the steward, brought up the card of Mr. Cecil Moran.

"Says he must see you, sir, a moment," and Robert departed to usher the Englishman up. The thought of Madge's bad faith came back to Dick very bitterly and it was with a somewhat forced cordiality that he greeted his late opponent.

"My dear fellow," said Moran, leaving the door half open and going straight to the point. "You ran the gamest race I ever saw and I'm proud to have lost to a better man. I'm here to apologize to you for taking advantage of a knowledge of your

methods which I did not seek but which I could hardly help using when it came to me. My sister —”

“What’s that!” shouted Dick, sitting up suddenly — “your sister?”

“Certainly,” returned Moran in surprise, “Miss Leslie is my half-sister.”

“Yes, quite so,” returned Dick, “don’t let me interrupt you.”

“Well ; she and I are devoted to each other, and she wanted me to win, and she wanted England to win, and — well — er — you know women don’t look at things with the same strictness that we men do. But she insists upon apologizing for herself,” and he departed hastily.

Before Dick could collect himself he was looking into eyes the color of wet violets and the sweetest voice in the world was saying, “Boy ! boy of mine, I’m *so* sorry. I was going to have Jack to win and then tell you that you could — could — have *me* to make up for losing the race, but you’ve won the race after all and perhaps — perhaps you don’t need both — do you ?”

It is most extraordinary what a man will forgive the girl he loves. Samson undoubtedly would not have held out long against Delilah, even after that unfortunate tonsorial experience, if she had come back to him. As for Dick — it’s not on record that he even tried.



A Touch Of Nature.*

BY WILLIAM FORSTER BROWN.



ARDLY had he lifted his face from the cool spring, when Lieutenant Herbert Craddock was seized from behind by two Union soldiers. The game was up — yet he trusted to his unshaven face, torn and dirty clothing and general woe-begone appearance to conceal the fact that he was a Confederate officer, the bearer of an important dispatch.

When he faced the keen-eyed and soldierly Federal captain he saw at once that it would be useless to deny being a soldier, and so, in answer to the question, "Who are you?" he replied simply:

"Lieutenant Craddock, of the Confederate service."

"How came you inside our lines and in disguise?"

"I was taken prisoner," he answered, slowly, "and escaped. I was making for General Lee's lines when your soldiers captured me. The briars had literally torn my uniform to shreds, and yesterday I exchanged its remnants for these planter's clothes."

This tale was true enough as far as it went, but it made no visible impression on the stern-faced inquisitor.

"Search him!" he ordered sharply.

The two troopers obeyed. Finally the taller of the two looked up and in a disappointed tone reported:

"There isn't a thing on him, sir."

The faint ghost of a smile of amusement stole over the face of the Confederate. The next instant he cursed himself for his folly, for the sharp eyes of the captain interpreted the look aright, and he sternly exclaimed:

"Search him again to the very skin — rip open his clothes from head to foot."

This time the investigation was so thorough that when the shorter trooper with his sabre pried the heels from the prisoner's

* Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

boots a wad of tissue paper dropped from a hollow in one of them and fell to the ground.

"So!" said Captain Freeman, straightening out the sheet, "you are a spy, as I thought. What have you to say?"

"Nothing," answered Craddock.

What was there to say? He knew that the scrap of paper in the captain's hand meant death for him as surely as he stood there. It was military law, and inexorable as fate.

Alone in an old log hut, with a sentinel pacing before the door and the single small window, Craddock was left to his thoughts. In the morning he was to die. He stared across the peaceful valley to the rise beyond, tipped with sombre pines, the declining sun flooding it all with golden glory. He was not afraid to die — he had faced death on too many battlefields for that. He had taken the deadly risk of his own free will, and the hazard had gone against him. Well, he would pay the price, like an officer and a gentleman.

But it was not of himself he was thinking as he stood there watching his last sunset, but of some one else, dearer by far than his own life. Some one who was waiting, hoping, praying for him to come back to her among the magnolias — one whom he had hoped, when the war should be over, to call his wife. Heaven! How could he write to tell her that they would meet no more on earth — that, even as his letter reached her, he would be lying in his grave?

As he bitterly mused there rose on the still Southern air, from out the dark shadow of the pines, a sweet and plaintive tenor voice, singing the melody of "Home, Sweet Home." It floated out on the evening silence like an angel's message of peace, bringing to the captive's staring eyes a sudden rush of tears. Had the Yankees no hearts, no feeling, that they could sing that song of all others to one who loved his home as well as they did theirs, and would never see it again?

He savagely gripped the rough slabs nailed across his narrow window, as the song suddenly ended in a long, high-pitched, quivering cry that changed to a shout, and then, running along the fringe of pines like an irregular rifle volley, burst into a cheer that echoed again and again along the quiet valley.

"Another Federal victory!" thought Craddock, mournfully. "Poor old Dixie — she has not many left to fight her battles."

Listening to the growing tumult, he presently saw the figure of a man dash out from the shadow of the pines and come racing down the slope toward the hut. As he tore along, the incessant cheering behind him, like a huge wave, seemed to bear him onward. He reached the sentry, flung two words at him over his shoulder, and dashed on without a pause. The wondering prisoner saw the sentry stare, and then with a wild yell throw up his rifle and fire it in the air.

The door of the hut was flung violently open, and the breathless runner, a fair-haired lieutenant, almost a boy, stood facing Craddock in the little room.

"Captain Freeman's compliments," he panted, "and he wishes to say that we are about to have supper, and he would feel honored if you would join us. It is poor fare, but you will be heartily welcome."

The Confederate officer looked into the messenger's boyish, excited face, astounded.

"Your captain is very kind," he answered, wondering. "But is it not an unusual proceeding to ask a prisoner to dine with his captors? It is very chivalrous, doubtless, but it is scarcely war."

"War!" the lad echoed. Then his voice choked, and he grasped Craddock's hand and wrung it till the sinewy arm ached. "War!" he repeated, his voice ringing high and shrill, "there is no more war — General Lee surrendered at Appomattox this morning — the war is over."



Jefferson Simms; His Exits and Entrances.*

BY HENRY ADELBERT THOMPSON.



LONG in the later seventies a resident of southeastern Arizona asked to designate the best known man in the Territory would have had no hesitation in pronouncing the name of Jefferson Simms. And yet comparatively few could say they had seen him, and his habitation no man knew. That was precisely the basis of his reputation. That and one other thing; which was that on those occasions when, at intervals of two months, Jefferson Simms came riding into Tucson on his buckskin pony, he invariably signalized his advent by going directly to the Wells, Fargo Express Office and there depositing, for shipment to a bank in New York, gold bullion to the approximate amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In any town on earth, not to speak of Tucson, where all waking thoughts and sleeping dreams were tinted yellow or silver, this would have aroused comment. In Tucson it excited a certain anxiety, founded on the fact that where there was so much gold there must be more. Some enthusiasts even asserted that a locality from which one man could, with unvarying regularity, abstract seventy-five thousand dollars a month must be rich enough to make half the men in the town millionaires and to set the other half up in an independent business way. Hence it came to pass that the periodical appearances of Jefferson Simms were awaited with the same eagerness felt by those who, on a station platform, anticipate the arrival of the Transcontinental Express. When, on his sorry nag and sometimes leading a packed mule, he was seen coming up or down the main street—for his approaches were made from different directions—women dropped their sewing to gaze upon his bearded face and sloping shoulders, and merchants left their counters to communicate in advance, to the proprietors of neighboring stores, the news of his coming.

* Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

But to all these evidences of a lively and continuing interest Jefferson Simms was apparently oblivious. Always, swerving neither to right nor left, he made his way directly to the express office; and if he ever noticed the unusual number of people who happened to have business there at or about the time he transacted his own, he made no comment on the fact. As though unconscious of the prying, and often staring, eyes fixed upon him, he would deposit his bars of bullion, take his receipt and leave the office. Then, and only then, Jefferson Simms became hail-fellow-well-met with who, and they were many, would have his company. Seated on the long veranda of the Saguaro Hotel, and always the centre of an interesting group, he would pass one day, two days, three days, a week, loafing, smoking, talking and evading — with superhuman ingenuity, his interlocutors thought — the leading questions propounded to him with astonishing frequency and, it must be said, with still more marvellous impudence. Then, generally in the morning, but again at high noon, or later, it would be discovered that Jefferson Simms had disappeared; and no one, hostler, loafer, citizen or boy, which was most remarkable of all, could say that they had seen him go. But this was before the idea of setting a systematic watch upon Jefferson Simms and his movements had clearly formulated itself in the minds of the prospectors who made Tucson their headquarters. After that there were many who witnessed his departures. Once, for example, an outlying picket, at three o'clock in the morning, saw Simms pass on the road to the Oracle, and, falling in behind, followed his trail until near day-break. Then, on the edge of a bit of mesquit timber, he lost him; and, groping forward some distance into the thicket, suddenly found himself confronted by the muzzle of a revolver held in the hands of a masked man. Some chance passers, the same day, discovered the would-be scout blindfolded and tied to a tree and utterly unable to indicate the direction the night rider had subsequently taken. In fact, he could not certify surely that it was Jefferson Simms who had thus put an effective damper on the ardor of his search. On another occasion, two score men and women saw Jefferson Simms step on to the platform of an outgoing, westbound train; and it was afterwards ascertained that fifteen minutes prior to the scheduled time of departure he had made arrangements with

the landlord of the Saguaro to board his pony until he should reclaim him. Eight weeks later he returned, riding another horse, every bone, fibre and hair of which proclaimed the thoroughbred. The wise ones eyed the animal critically and shook their heads. It was evident that the mysterious miner had made provision not only to outwit but to outrun possible pursuers. And the correctness of this inference received immediate verification; for Jefferson Simms, as soon as he had deposited his gold in the hands of the express agent, remounted his horse and rode off, in a stride which was at once the admiration and despair of sundry spectators. Tucson regarded this appearance as a distinct defiance, which justified a resort to determined methods; and so began that game of hide and seek which, for a year or more, held the breathless attention of all the towns along the Tucson & Yuma Division of the newly-constructed Southern Pacific.

One feature of the case was very puzzling. It was to plausibly explain the motive animating Jefferson Simms in keeping the location of his mine a secret. The law would protect his possession of a claim or any number of claims; the only provision being the annual performance of "assessment work" to the wages value of a hundred dollars. To this it was replied that the mine was perhaps located at some remote point in the mountains, where it would be difficult, if not impossible, to invoke the assistance of the law in repelling an invasion of gold-hungry prospectors, who, in a day, might create a legal chaos out of which it would be hopeless for any sheriff or court to dream of bringing order. Under such circumstances it was perhaps wiser for Simms to depend on himself — calling the law to his aid only when such a course became imperative. There were flaws in this vein of reasoning, for "strikes" were often made and peaceable mining operations carried on in just such out-of-the-way places. But weakness in a logical sequence seldom makes itself apparent to most people. There were also flaws in that other logic by which the mining contingent of Tucson and vicinity convinced itself that Simms's policy of concealment was an insult to the people of Tucson, a fling at the administration of justice in the Territory of Arizona, a reflection upon the honesty of all citizens of the United States, and bordered closely upon rebellion against the general government.

These conclusions placed Jefferson Simms in a new and unenviable light; and it became perfectly plain to many that they were derelict of duty in failing to run him down and wrest his secret from him. Certain public-spirited citizens intimated their willingness to devote a portion of their means to the cause — for a like share in the resultant proceeds — and a meeting, to which verbal invitations were extended and which was not announced in the public prints, was held in the rear room of the Ojo Rojo saloon.

"Gentlemen," remarked "Stamp Mill" Smith, who acted, unofficially, as chairman, "will some one be so obsequious as to present the reasons which have induced the representatives of the leading business interests of Arizona to assemble in this room?"

"Raysuns enuff," replied "Shamrock" O'Reilly, who could be depended on to speak whenever opportunity was afforded. "There's a mine som'ers in the Territory of Aryzony, the exac' whereabouts of which is known only to wan man, and he a hoardin' of the information. The reshult bein' that the indushtries of the Territory are parylyzed and the bread tuk outen the mout's of widdies and orphans, the husban's and faythers of whom might be, and by rights oughter be, warkin' them diggin's and purvidin' fer them as depen's on 'em."

"It strikes me, Your Honor," interposed Mr. A. Y. Sullivan, who had been a lawyer in the East, "that the statement of the case made by the honorable gentleman who has just preceded me was, so to speak, too little influenced by a consideration for those mitigating circumstances which it is always necessary to take into account. Undoubtedly, Mr. Jefferson Simms, to whom I understand an allusion to be made, has rights which we are bound to respect. On the other hand, Mr. Jefferson Simms should understand that we, as citizens of Arizona, have rights which he is bound to respect. To whom, I ask, does this boundless continent belong? Is it the exclusive property of any individual, or do the privileges of walking its soil and breathing its bracing air and bathing in its golden sunshine pertain to all its inhabitants, without regard to rank, color or previous condition of servitude? Are the auriferous deposits hidden in the bosom of its everlasting hills the possession of one individual who, grasping at the wealth of a Cræsus, aims to elevate himself above his

fellow-citizens, and thus strike a deadly blow at those principles of Democracy, dear to every patriotic American heart, or of the many who, by equitably distributing the rich bounties of nature among themselves, would thus be enabled to carry comfort, if not affluence, to a thousand humble, but liberty-loving, homes? I need not reply to these questions. You will find the answer, gentlemen, in your own hearts and souls."

This statement of the case was so entirely satisfactory that it was agreed, without further discussion, to pass to the next question; this being a consideration of the practical measures which ought to be adopted. Pennsylvania Peaslee, who was, comparatively speaking, a tenderfoot, and present no one knew how or why, unless by virtue of his expressed willingness to contribute a thousand dollars to the search fund, suggested the expediency of securing the services of a detective from Chicago or San Francisco, but this idea, though it aroused a passing interest, was hastily voted down on the ground that Arizona could furnish men who were veritable Dupins beside the pseudo-sleuths of the East. It was necessary, further, that the "agent" should be perfectly familiar with the country, and this pointed inevitably to the employment of home talent. Several names were mentioned, but the thought of the meeting finally turned to Manuel Romero Juan Pedro José Francisco Morelos, a Mexican half-breed, colloquially known as Jack Rabbit Jo. His name and fame were closely associated, the sobriquet having been given him on the strength of the alleged fact that he had once tracked a jack rabbit for eleven miles and killed the animal at the end of the chase. A committee was appointed to interview Jo and ascertain if he would be willing to resign his position as vaquero-in-ordinary on the Tortilla Ranch, at forty dollars a month, for an employment which would pay one hundred and expenses and leave him practically his own master. From the first there was no doubt that Jo's services could be secured, and, in fact, two days later, he reported for duty. The instructions he received were brief and perfectly comprehensible. At the next appearance of Jefferson Simms he was to fix his eye upon him and not allow it to depart therefrom until such time as that mysterious individual should be observed in the act of digging or panning gold; whereupon, having marked

down the exact locality, he was to report in Tucson immediately. The best horse obtainable was purchased and placed at Jo's disposal, and Tucson waited impatiently for the chase to begin.

Promptly on time Jefferson Simms made his appearance, went through the usual formalities at the express office, repaired, contrary to general expectation, to the Saguaro Hotel, and twenty-four hours later rode slowly out of town, headed northward, in broad daylight, and in hushed, but eager-eyed, silence, Tucson watched his exit and the subsequent departure of Jack Rabbit Jo. It would be days now — four or five at least, perhaps forty — before news could be expected, and several hundred people wondered what they would do with themselves in the interval. There were not wanting those who offered to wager various amounts of dust and coin that Jo would mark down the mine, and, as the sagacity of Jefferson Simms was estimated to be prodigious, takers were readily found. This added to the tension of a situation which actually threatened a suspension of business. It was fortunate, then, that the period of waiting was not unduly prolonged. For six days Tucson sat in an attitude of expectation, with eyes turned northward. About nine o'clock on the morning of the seventh day Jo dashed into town, on a horse which showed traces of hard riding, drew rein at the Ojo Rojo, and immediately retired behind closed doors for consultation with his employers. It was not the intention of those most interested that the information should become public property; but news which affects favorably the fortunes of an entire community is difficult to suppress. In a couple of hours it was known throughout the length and breadth of Tucson that Jefferson Simms's claim had been located and that it lay somewhere to the north; presumably in the Caliuero Range, near the place where the mountains pushed themselves into the angle between the Rio San Pedro and Aravaypa Creek.

That afternoon those who, for buying and packing and tying outfits on burros and loading buckboards, had time to look, witnessed a singular exodus. A small party, consisting exclusively of those who had been present at the meeting in the rear of the Ojo Rojo saloon, led the way, under the personal conduct of Jack Rabbit Jo. An hour later another company, reasoning that the

highways of the desert and the mountains were free to those who would traverse them, took the trail of the first, which was not difficult to follow. Still later a third party, comprising every remaining male inhabitant of Tucson who owned horse, mule or burro fell in behind the second. Then the inevitable stragglers, bearing picks and packs on their shoulders, departed, singly and in twos and threes, on foot.

Jack Rabbit Jo, at the head of the first contingent, led the way with a confidence which inspired great hopes in the breasts of his followers. He explained that he was taking them by a short cut, as Simms had made a wide detour to reach the place. For a day he went northward, then turned eastward through a pass in the Santa Catalinas, crossed the San Pedro River and skirted the southern border of the White Mountain Indian Reservation. Finally, after a journey of ninety miles or more, the Santa Teresa spur of the Gila Range was sighted. "It is there!" cried the leader, pointing with his hand; and, with answering shout, the prospectors lashed their tired horses to a gallop. But this enthusiasm moderated as they began to wind in and out among the foot-hills, and when the mountain slopes were reached the advance was made at a foot-pace. The faintly marked and rocky trail led for miles through valleys choked with huge boulders, and up and down precipitous ascents which tortured men and horses. It was at eleven o'clock in the morning of the third day out that those following observed in Jo the unmistakable signs which indicate that a hunter is in the vicinity of big game and knows it, and instinctively every other man in the party assumed a crouching position on the neck of the animal he was riding. Thus they rounded a projecting spur, and there, in a little glade, they saw a few holes in the ground and three Mexicans, two of whom were wielding pick and shovel in desultory fashion, and a third engaged in washing out a pan of dirt at a small stream a few yards distant. The appearance of the party was the signal for the immediate and willing suspension of these operations.

"Hello!" cried Pennsylvania Peaslee, who was the first man on the ground. "Whose claim is that?"

"He belong to Señor Seems," replied the one of the Mexicans who apparently occupied the position of mine superintendent.

"And is Señor Simms at home?" enquired "Stamp Mill" Smith.

"Non, Señores; he vamos it make tree, four days now."

"How much of the yellow stuff are you getting?" asked Pennsylvania Peaslee.

"No muchas, Señores; we pan an' rocker tree week for ze Señor Seems an' no catch 'um more as twenty dollar." This announcement was greeted with a shout of incredulity.

"I take it there'll be no objections raised if we pan out a little of this dirt, just to see whether you have been doing it right," remarked a gray-bearded miner.

"No carey, Señor," replied the Mexican with an indifferent shrug. "Andres, Gaspar an' me, we vamos. Señor Seems he say some fr'en's come and work ze claim. Ze fr'en's haf arrive. Adios, Señores." And the three laborers proceeded to pack their camp outfits on the backs of their burros.

"This looks bad, boys," remarked Pennsylvania Peaslee; but no attention was paid to the saying. Several pans were hastily filled with the placer detritus and carried to the stream; and, gathered in a compact circle, the miners watched the operation. When the dirt was washed off and the residuum rocked from side to side in the steel pan only the experts present were able to discover the faintest trace of gold. The prospectors exchanged furtive and uneasy looks. Again and again samples were panned from every part of the claim, each time with the same meagre results. Threatening glances were directed toward Jack Rabbit Jo, but that worthy remained unmoved, save that he shifted his hand closer to the hilt of his revolver.

"My instructions," said the guide, in a calm voice, "were to mark down the place where I saw Simms washing for gold and to report in Tucson immediately. Six days ago, lying behind that big rock on the other side of the valley, I saw him at work in this very spot." And Jo sat down on a boulder, with the tranquil air of one who feels that there is nothing more to be said.

By six o'clock that evening there were four hundred and seventy residents of Tucson in the little gulch and twice or thrice that number of pans had been washed in the brook. The returns would not have paid for a dinner for the first party at the Saguaro.

It is probable that Jefferson Simms, had he returned to his property that night, would have found his burial place in the trench excavated by his Mexican laborers. However, he did not return; nor was he seen again until, about six weeks later, he came riding into Tucson as usual. By that time those who had remained at home had indelibly impressed upon those who had made the trip to the supposed placer diggings that the whole affair was a huge but perfectly justifiable joke; and no man was found to come forward, and, by slaying Simms in cold blood, proclaim himself a victim. Besides, the mine was yet to be found.

By this time, too, Jack Rabbit Jo, as the only man who had scored even a partial success, had regained much of his imperilled prestige; and when Simms departed Jo followed on his trail. Then weeks, marked by a growing uneasiness, went slowly by, until the full term was nearly up. Accordingly there was much excitement when Jo, much the worse for wear, came dashing into town one afternoon with the announcement that the mysterious miner was coming, two hours behind him, coupled with the information that this time he was empty handed. Jo's narrative related that he had followed Simms day and night, over a route as crooked and tortuous as could be imagined and covering several hundred miles of territory. That he had camped nowhere more than a few days at a time, that he had not struck a pick in the ground and that his wanderings were apparently aimless. When this story had been told and retold several times Simms appeared; and, going directly to the express office, he made his usual consignment of bullion.

Out of the whisperings that night a theory was evolved; the origin of it being in the mind of Pennsylvania Peaslee. If Simms had done no digging it was plain that he must have an immense quantity of gold stored at some point, which he was transporting, as opportunity offered and in amounts such as he could conveniently carry, to the express office. Evidently, then, the thing to do was to form a party and, under the leadership of Jack Rabbit Jo, to traverse the exact route Simms had taken; searching in every likely place as they advanced and paying particular attention to those localities in which the miner had spent several days. There were some who objected to this theory, not on the ground

that they had no right to appropriate such a deposit, but that Simms would come in oftener were this explanation of the case the true one. However, the idea prevailed, and with so much enthusiasm that it became necessary to draw lots to determine who should go. Pennsylvania Peaslee drew a blank; whereat he seemed greatly chagrined.

The history of this expedition has never been known, because no member of it would ever indicate the course of the pilgrimage or narrate the experiences of the party. The information possessed in Tucson is limited to the fact that it returned near the time when Jefferson Simms, coming from an entirely different direction, made his next appearance.

And then the mystery deepened. Jack Rabbit Jo was a discredited man; but Silas Brewer, who had a reputation to sustain, announced his desire to take the trail. A fund, hastily raised, was placed in his hands; but only one man saw Jefferson Simms as he left the city on this occasion and by the time he reported the fact the train on which the exasperating Simms had departed was speeding eastward. Strangest of all, telegraphic enquiries failed to elicit any information regarding his destination. The conductor and brakeman were unable, on their return, to say at what point the miner had left the train. Tucson was again baffled. The usual advent of Simms occurred, however, at the end of about two months; and this time his departure and that of Silas Brewer very nearly coincided. On this occasion, too, the absence of the scout was long and wore on the already neurasthenic condition of Tucson's nervous system. The half dozen men who had backed Brewer with their money, as the time for his reappearance drew on, spent most of their leisure hours, and they were many, on the veranda of the Saguaro Hotel. Expectation lighted their faces as their "agent" drew rein at the curb, a week late. Jefferson Simms was in, exactly forty-five minutes in advance of his pursuer.

"He didn't bring any gold with him this time," said Silas Brewer, confidently, to the men who came down the steps and surrounded him.

"He has just deposited ninety-three thousand dollars' worth at the express office," replied A. Y. Sullivan.

"Gentlemen," remarked Brewer, mournfully, "I gave Simms the best run for your money I knew how. I kept him in view day and night. First, he went west and stopped in three or four mining camps that we all know about. Then he turned south, and camped on the desert. He did no work and chummed with nobody, unless I may mention a straggling Papago Indian, with whom he had a casual palaver and swapped saddles one evening down near the Baboquivari Peak."

"And made ninety-three thousand dollars in the trade," remarked Pennsylvania Peaslee.

The faces of those in the group were turned toward him in astonishment, through which there broke, sooner in some cases than in others, the light of a dawning comprehension.

"I think," continued Peaslee, significantly, still addressing Brewer, "that if you wanted to find Simms's mine you should have followed that Indian."

"Perhaps you are right," returned the scout. "Next time I will."

But the next time never came. That evening Jefferson Simms repaired to a barber shop and had his beard removed. The next morning he arrayed himself in a suit made by a New York tailor, and remarked to A. Y. Sullivan, across the breakfast table, that if the boys would gather on the veranda he would tell them something that would be of interest. They gathered.

"Gentlemen," remarked the tall mystery, as he handed around a box of fine cigars, "it is my treat. You have had considerable fun, during the past year, in endeavoring to find where I was getting the gold which has been deposited at the express office from time to time; and also, I may add, in elucidating in your own minds my reason for wishing to conceal the location of the mine from which the yellow metal was taken."

A hush of intense expectancy was the only answer to this statement.

"Three years ago," continued Simms, "I was in northern Mexico with four companions, prospecting the hills close to the Yaqui country. I have always admired the game fight those redskins have put up against the Mexican authorities; consequently, when an occasion offered to do them a service, my comrades and I

took prompt advantage of it. An Indian never forgets an injury — or a kindness. We were able to save the lives of a Yaqui chief and several of his warriors when they were closely followed by Mexican troops, whose purpose in pursuit was, we thought, entirely unjustifiable. Some weeks later a messenger came from the chief I have mentioned and asked us to visit his camp, promising that it would be well worth our while. On arrival we were treated as guests whom our dark-faced friends delighted to honor. At a solemn council we were informed that we had been bulletined throughout the tribe as brothers of the Red Man; that we were free to come and go in their territory without fear of molestation; that the Yaqui who did not go to our aid in any time of need was a dog and a traitor; and, the chief added, as they knew their white friends desired gold, he would himself show us a valuable placer deposit which we were at liberty to work. The condition of this privilege was, however, that no one save ourselves should be allowed to have anything to do with the mine nor be permitted to enter the country; and, in removing the proceeds of the diggings we must take the utmost care that neither Americans nor Mexicans discovered where we secured the treasure. The chief pointed out that if the white men found there was such a rich deposit of gold in their territory there would be a stampede to mine it. The Mexican Government would thus discover the secret and would probably send troops in to take the land away from its hereditary possessors. We, of course, agreed to the conditions. Three of the party remained on the ground to work the mine. They employed the Yaquis in the diggings and commissioned me for the sole purpose of transporting the proceeds to the express office."

"Why did you not stay there until the diggings were worked out and then bring the gold to a shipping point in one consignment?" interrupted "Stamp Mill" Smith. The others smiled in amused contempt at the question.

"Because we were in a dangerous country," Simms indulgently answered. "There was always a chance of accidental discovery and the possibility of our being waylaid by Greaser bandits on the final journey. A single man, with the gold hidden in his saddle bags or packed on a worthless looking mule, runs small risk compared with a heavily laden convoy. Then, too, while feeling

moderately sure of the good will of the Yaquis, we did not consider it wise to put the entire product of our placer deposit in jeopardy of a possible change of mind on their part. I had nothing to do but take the gold brought to me by one of my comrades, who travelled disguised as an Indian, bring it to Tucson, for this is the nearest safe railway point, and spend the rest of my time throwing pursuers off the track. In this latter occupation I was materially assisted by the fifth partner in the deal, with whom I was in constant communication; and this partner, gentlemen, was your fellow-searcher and quondam acquaintance, Pennsylvania Peaslee. I may remark that he is distinctly not a tenderfoot."

A general stir of anger arose at this announcement, and several of the party sprang up with the evident determination of seeking the traitorous Pennsylvania and perforating his anatomy.

"Hold on! gentlemen," Simms called out. "Mr. Peaslee left town on the last eastbound train. You need not look for him. Perhaps it will suit your mood better to have something with me. Step up to the bar and drink the health of the Yaqui Mining and Development Company, which has just worked out the richest strike made in this section in years."

There was nothing better to be done. The men who had pursued Mr. Simms so closely for months past responded readily to his invitation, and while they were refreshing themselves in this manner and talking over the hoax, Jefferson Simms quietly walked out and was never seen in Tucson afterward.



The Footsteps of Fear.*

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON.



ALL his life Herrick had heard them, as every other man may hear them if he stops to listen. The trouble with Herrick was that he had stopped too often and listened too long. Now, if one waits until they come too close, it is difficult to distance them again, and if one listens until they ring too clearly there is no sound in the world, not even the whisper of a woman, that can ever again quite drown them. And the worst of it is that no man can face this Fear — that, however the bravest man may turn, it is always from behind that he hears the steps which follow as if a coward fled.

All men do not hear them — only the exceptional may, or the man exceptionally situated. Herrick happened to be both. Many men have bequeathed to them an inheritance of death; but Herrick had also an inheritance of perfect loneliness. His people were all at peace in the graveyard plots belonging to the different health resorts of two continents, and he had lived alone since a lad in an old house haunted by their portraits, and their names on the flyleaf of every book from which he learned life. Herrick was not a coward; but one day he locked up the house, and went out through the green old garden. At the gate he looked back.

"I was born in you," he said to his home, "and if the girl I love didn't have to drag over Europe with an invalid mother, I would live in you, because you are next door to her, and make the most of my time. But I won't stay by myself — and maybe I'll never see you again."

He looked away for a moment to the war-defaced college buildings on the low green hills beyond. They had been home, too. He hesitated, and a blush rose to his face. Then he kissed his hands to it all with the impulsive gesture of a child, and turned his back on his too quiet past.

* Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

In the station by the river he bought a ticket to the biggest and noisiest city in his native State, which was a Southern one. We will omit the intermediate stages. Enough that in a month he had been able to fulfil his intention of getting a position on one of the biggest and noisiest papers in that city.

He reasonably argued that a reporter on night duty with a six-hour margin of daylight would not have much time in which to lie awake listening, and having an income, he could afford this hypothesis. Herrick was after mental excitement, and he got it. For the first time he was really taken out of his own brain-life and into the lives of others. That was a good result to begin with. His ancestors were the same short-lived set of idiots, and the footsteps sauntered as cynically as ever on his trail. But he had not time to consciously listen, or to fret over the selfishness of the girl's mother, who doubtless heard footsteps hunting her down, too, poor thing! or to write minor poetry, which is the silliest thing a grown-up man with an intellect can do — unless he can sell it. He had only time for his work and he found out that he was good at it. He also found out that six hours of midday when one slept was worth a night of ten hours to lie awake and listen in, and that only crazy people may safely cultivate their imaginations. Therefore, he endeavored to confine his attention to his daily work and to let his ancestors alone. On the whole, he succeeded. Every morning, with his brain at its busiest, he wrote the pages that went to make up his Saturday letter to the girl he loved. When that was done he ran down, all in a minute, it seemed. Sometimes he dropped his head on the letter and went to sleep. Oftener he reeled to the bed, and fell on it, the daylight on his eyelids, black night beneath them. He had not leisure to think of himself at all. But there was a drawback to this. It was good for his mind, but it was not always good for his body. Sometimes a trivial seeming cough worried at his throat for days, and sometimes neuralgia gripped with a clutch not to be loosened except with red hot whiskey. Usually, however, he was deadened to these discomforts. His consciousness was filled with other things — the tearing hurry and devious devices of his work — its crowds, and candidates, and confessions — its murders and its marriages. And there were storms of music — there were civic ban-

quets — there were noted divines under whom he catnapped in the galleries of the first churches. But better than all these were the thousand special and individual occurrences that took his breath away, and made his flesh glow with the discoverer's rapture. He had lived so among books for his twenty-six years that he had not known before that things which had never been put into books ever happened.

Once, while musing under a noted divine, he got to thinking over this.

"What stories I could write!" he cried to himself. He sat there staring at the speaker, but saw him no more than he saw the red and gray Saint John, or the blue Mary Mother in the triple-arched casement behind the pulpit. He went to Heaven and tasted power, and then, as usually happens, Fate, to get even with him, reminded him of his limitations, and through the open window behind him he heard the footsteps. It was the pause for the long prayer. Herrick bent forward, leaning his cheek against his arm. It was as if bone grazed bone. After five minutes he began to feel that the steps would enter the church if he sat there longer — so near they were — so loud. He hurried out in the middle of the prayer. It was a winter morning, but in that Southern city it was like early spring. The grass in the square was green, and a border of white violets had hastened to bloom. It was Friday, and he gathered a few of them for her Saturday letter. He stood for a moment holding them, conscious only of the sunshine. It deadened him to himself again. It filled the city as wine fills a cup, with a life-giving, sense-stealing potency. But even in the sunshine the cough nagged him. "Listen," it whispered.

"You need a rest," said Herrick's mind to his body, "or you won't last even your time. I've been going too fast for you, curse you! but I've had such a good time."

He looked at his arm with disgust.

"I couldn't row a mile with you," he said. "I would be ashamed to go inside any gym with you. You would have let that tough knock me down last night if I hadn't had a pistol along to help you. Oh, I suppose you do need a rest, only you can't have it, you know. I shan't go back home and wait — by

myself. And I'm not brute enough to take her back, now — even if her mother would kindly die and give me the chance."

He went on through the sunshine with his violets, and climbed to his room, and wrote his daily letter, shutting the flowers up in the thin sheets for her to dream over. Then he slept, and when he awoke it was time to go down to the office and read copy until midnight. After that he was detailed to the city jail, where a death watch was going on.

Herrick was conscious of being wound up to go by the time he came to this part of the programme. The sensation was pleasant after the weakness of the morning. He did not care where his strength came from so long as it did come on demand. The night had turned cold and damp when he went out into the street. The sea wind blew the sea fog down his throat until he strangled, and stopped trying to talk to Griggs, who had been told off with him.

"It's a nasty job," said Griggs, who had leanings toward a counting-room clerkship, and who hated his place.

"Oh, shut up!" rejoined Herrick, trying to speak without breathing, and failing. "What do you know about it?"

"More than I like to," retorted Griggs, good temperedly.

Herrick spoke as effectively as a man could with his mouth shut; but when they halted at their destination he forgot his irritation, and he forgot Griggs. He stood as if alone, listening to a negro chorus that rose and sank — a death-wail that might have turned the heart of Ajax to running water — that might have melted to milk the bones of Achilles.

In ten minutes, perhaps, Herrick roused from a trance, and discovered that he had somehow got himself admitted into the immense vaulted corridor. It was pitch dark at either end; but midway down, in a glaring ring of gaslight, a half circle of swaying negroes, drunk with death and song, clasped hands before an open cell door. Within the cell two black forms flattened themselves out on the stone floor, and grovelled and moaned. The jailer crouched near Herrick and cried out of pure nervousness, and at his elbow was Griggs, shaking like grain when the earthquake tremor runs. Herrick hardly noticed him. It was on his nerves, too. He had watched men die; but it was the first time he had watched men who were afraid to die — men who had

stopped for the last time to listen, not vaguely, but with mathematical certainty, to the footsteps of their Fear. Between two singers, momentarily parted, Herrick saw that one condemned man twisted as if from creeping flame — that the other lay rigid, with arms outstretched in a shameful cross. Their sobbing breath struggled through the chanting, which pitched itself yet higher as the gap closed and the chorus swelled. That very morning Herrick had heard the same hymn given out by the noted divine without dreaming of its possibilities. Then it had ascended as least as high as the arched roof of the church. But now the jail stones shrank shuddering apart, and let it loose to soar, a sinking of the heart, a sickness of the flesh, a savage scream of the frightened soul, to the blackest reach of space. Herrick knew what the condemned men heard beneath that singing. He knew why they crouched with hidden gray faces. He wondered that all of these singing savages did not fall down and die of sympathy. The footsteps of each man's Fear became audible to him. Some, years away, others close at hand, and those that would gain the barred door by daybreak, mingled and merged themselves in his brain.

At this point Griggs mastered himself sufficiently to take Herrick into the jailer's room, which had been given up to the newspaper men that night. He was relieved when Herrick began making copy in a commonplace way. As for Herrick, the truth is he had not quieted down at all. The motor wheel of an electric plant is not motionless because it revolves so rapidly that it seems motionless, and Herrick had reached some such condition of the nerves. The men around him joked profanely to keep their spirits up. He did not blame them. They were, in the main, an unimaginative gang; but that death chant was of a nature to curdle the commonplace in the veins of any creature born to die.

Herrick turned out the proper amount of sensational copy, but that was his brain. His heart beat with the sick hearts in the cell. The men were dogs, but he felt the agony of their terror seize on his soul, as if it were trembling flesh in the hangman's grip.

By six o'clock the advancing footsteps had gained the door. An interval of silence fell, and presently the condemned men

were invited to keep their appointment. The black door gaped into a gray cavern of dawn, and they went out shuddering.

Herrick kept nearest. He watched the man on his side. As they reached the threshold he met this man's eyes, point blank, And they seemed not the eyes of a man. Before he had been consumed by the fear of Fear. But now Fear itself had entered into him, as devils are said to have entered into the men of old.

That look stilled Herrick into a stone. It left him futile to feel—incapable of imagining. What, indeed, did he know of Fear who had but heard the footsteps of his own?

A few weeks later Herrick did something he had not expected to do. He returned home. He wrote the girl that it was to get well. In his heart he knew that it was to die. He had resisted coming back; but he did not know what else to do. He was dying so fast that he had not strength enough for a pretense of work among the living. He was just in the way, and people, when they did not swear at him, looked sorry for him. It was simplest to get out of the way, and away from the people.

The garden was greener than ever, and he had violets of his own to put in her letters. He wrote them every day. They were mostly lies. He desired to keep her away. He did not wish her to have his dying face to remember. He very well knew what it would look like. He heard the footsteps all the time. They advanced steadily. He could almost name the date of that gray spring morning when they would enter his room, and that ghastly occupation of his living, struggling body would ensue. Warm days he dragged himself to the garden seat, and looked lovingly back at his beautiful home, with the sunshine entering at the wide doors.

The old house, the old pictures, the room of books, the green garden, and the violets underneath the oaks—all these things Herrick devised with a lover's pleasure to the girl he loved. He seemed gathering a handful of flowers to send her, and, indeed, when the trifling legality was concluded, it was as if he had done as slight a thing.

He smiled as he thought of the stories he had meant to write. They seemed to be so little worth while. He read Marcus Aurelius, as the author best fitted to dwarf the footsteps. In many moods

he ignored them, or mocked at them, but he always knew that at the end Fear would possess him, as it had possessed that mere brute, and that an excess of imagination and a total lack of it cursed men equally. He did not mind waiting as much as he had supposed that he would. He did not know if it were philosophy, or if death benumbed. He had done with letters to the girl, because his brain served him no longer to invent lies, and he found it a relief. He tried not to think about her; but in May even a dying man may not forget his love.

Perhaps Herrick's sick yearning called her back in telepathic ways; but more likely some meddler had written her the truth. At all events, she came home to him one day. But her fresh youth and beauty could not give him back life, and she had better have stayed away. She only made it harder for him to die a week later. As it chanced, he died in the night and alone. They would not let her see his dead face. She sobbed that she could never forgive them for that. But those who found him dead probably knew what they were about.



A Thousand-Dollar Job.*

BY RICHARD BARKER SHELTON.



CARLETON was reading the "want page" of the evening paper, when his eyes fell on the following advertisement inconspicuously placed:

\$1,000 WILL BE PAID
to the gentleman with curly blond hair and blond moustache, who will tear up paper Thursday morning and take the consequences. Must be 5ft. 11, and weigh between 160 and 170 lbs. No references required. For further information, inquire at 206 Fondyke St., Room 26, between 10.30 and 12, Tuesday.

Now, Carleton had been out of work for several weeks, and the prospect of having a thousand dollars was sufficiently interesting to make him re-read the quaint advertisement carefully. It savored of adventure, too. There were vast possibilities in the little phrase "and take the consequences." Carleton's was the healthy mind of a sound and vigorous body, and a spice of danger was to him a pleasant stimulus, with no trace of morbid imaginings about it. If he could assure himself, he reasoned, that the affair was honest and honorable, he would make a bid for the thousand.

He was five feet, ten and three-fourths inches in height and tipped the scales at a trifle under one hundred and sixty pounds. By shaving his beard, he would fulfil the requirements, for his blond hair curled tightly about his head, and his long, blond moustache had received much attention since the proud day it had first evinced itself.

He sat for a time, tapping the paper and gazing through the window of his side room. With a thousand dollars he could forget his failures and the drudgery of clerkships. He could make a start for himself. Perhaps even, he might, in time, think seriously of a home, over which a trim figure of a girl with brown hair should preside. That settled it. He decided to call on the morrow at Room 26, 206 Fondyke Street.

206 Fondyke Street was an office-building with marble front and tile floors, and Room 26 was well down the hall on the second

* Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

floor. There was no name on the ground-glass of the door — nothing but the number in dull, black numerals. Carleton turned the knob and walked in. The office and furniture were evidently new. A smell of varnish pervaded the place. At one end of the room — the left as he entered — were two roll-top desks. Before one of these sat a slight man with a gray beard and gray eyes; at the other was a clean-shaven, portly, business-looking man of middle age.

The portion of the room occupied by the desks was divided from the rest by a wooden rail. The remainder of the room, perhaps two-thirds of it, was bare of furniture, save for cane-seated chairs ranged about the walls. There were some dozen men seated in these chairs, and Carleton noticed that all of them had curly blond hair and blond moustaches. One was inside the rail, seated by the desk of the large man, who was speaking to him in low tones.

As Carleton took a chair by the window, the gray-bearded man looked searchingly at him over the desk. Then he turned and spoke to the man at the other desk. He of the girth swung ponderously around and stared at Carleton — whether or not in approval it was hard to determine. At length he turned again to his desk, and resumed the conversation with the man beside it.

In four or five minutes, the gate in the rail clicked and the blond man who had been within came out rather dejectedly. The next moment, Carleton felt his heart thump madly. The portly man was beckoning him.

He arose briskly, and entered the little gate, which complained loudly at his intrusion. The stout man motioned him to the seat beside the desk, and Carleton sat down with that sensation tugging at his temples which the union of hope and fear alone can give.

"Occupation?" questioned the gentleman by way of opening the interview.

"Book-keeper," Carleton responded.

"Employed?" The questioner shot out his interrogations in a manner which showed clearly his aversion to wasting words.

"Not at present," said Carleton.

"Humph!" the big man ejaculated. After which he was silent for a moment or two, abstractedly rolling a pencil about the desk. When he turned again to Carleton his brows were contracted.

"You want that money pretty badly, don't you?" he said, slowly. Carleton assured him that such was the case.

"And you'd risk a good bit for it, eh? You seem that sort."

Carleton nodded.

"Humph!" he grunted again, and again rolled the pencil about the desk. At length he turned to the thin gentleman.

"Looks like 'E. P.,' doesn't he?" he said.

"The resemblance is certainly marked," the thin man replied.

"Best so far, eh?" the stout man asked, with a chuckle.

"I hardly believe we could do better," was the response.

"Um-m," the other mused. "See here," he said, suddenly leaning towards Carleton, and speaking in a way that cut out every word sharply, "would you risk everything for that thousand?"

"If you except honor — yes," Carleton said, quietly.

"Well said," the other answered; "well said. Gentlemen," and swinging about, he addressed the men who waited outside the rail, "there is no call to detain you longer. If you care to come here again at half past four this afternoon, you will learn whether or not there is any further chance."

When the door had closed behind the last of them, the stout man again turned to Carleton.

"Now," said he, "the matter is simply this. It is to the advantage of a certain company (of vital interest, sir) to have a certain man destroy the paper mentioned Thursday morning. The certain man has gone away — sneaked, if you like. He hadn't the sand. For the paper must be destroyed in the presence of some two hundred men — two hundred men, mark me, who are so on edge from fancied wrongs that they scarcely know what they do. They won't like it. Rest assured of that. They'll howl and curse and threaten. Maybe they'll shoot. The certain man knew this and — well, sneaked. You are very like this man in build and features. In that respect, we are more fortunate than we hoped. You destroy the paper. If the crowd howl and curse merely, you get your thousand and a bad quarter-hour. If they are wild and shoot badly, you get the thousand and the doctor's bills. If they shoot true, whoever you name gets the thousand and you get a decent burial. That is the proposition. Now, the point is, is it worth it?"

The big man tilted back in his chair and looked narrowly at Carleton. There was something in his face that belied his gruff exterior — a lurking kindness which permeated his brusque speech. Carleton was sure the worst side of the affair had been set before him. He sat for a time, looking at the floor and idly drumming on the arm of the chair. When at length he looked up, he met the big man's gaze squarely.

"I'll do it," he said, simply.

"Good," the big man said. "Let's see, what's the name?"

"Carleton."

"Ah, yes. Well, I'm Mr. Whiting and this gentleman is Mr. Somers. Somers, unless I'm mistaken, we're in rare luck. You won't back down between now and Thursday — I mean you won't think too much about it and lose your nerve at the last minute?"

"That's not my cut," said Carleton.

"No, I don't believe it is," Whiting rejoined. "Come here, then, Thursday, at nine o'clock. Don't think about it until then. Here," he said, thrusting some bills into Carleton's pocket, "amuse yourself somehow. Remember, don't think too much, and be here at nine. And now good-day."

Outside, Carleton stood for a moment running over the events of the last half-hour. Then, with an effort, he put them from his mind and walked quickly up the street.

Just as the clocks were striking nine Thursday morning, Carleton opened the door of Room 26, 206 Fondyke Street, which he now realized had only been hired temporarily. Whiting and Somers were waiting within, and each greeted him with a cordial handshake.

"Now," said Whiting, "if you'll get into those clothes on the chair over there, we'll be off."

Carleton donned the suit of tweeds and changed his soft hat for a brown derby. The three then descended the stairs and entered a waiting carriage.

"Well," Somers said, as they rattled over the pavements, "your nerve seems to hold."

"Never was better," Carleton answered, whereat Whiting grunted and pinched his arm encouragingly.

They drove to the outskirts of the city, and drew up before a little box of a building set in a monotonous expanse of brick wall. Carleton knew it was the entrance gate of one of the great steel-works, and if his heart pounded against his ribs, it was not from any fear, but rather from a sense of the uncertainty and excitement before him. Whiting led the way across the yard to a building, evidently the offices, up a flight of stairs and into a sunny room, whose broad windows gave an ample view of the many buildings about the yard, looming gaunt and grimy in the morning sunshine. Somers swung open one of the windows and Whiting mopped his brow.

"Twenty minutes' grace," said he. "They won't be here before half past ten. By the way, Carleton, in case of — er — er — unpleasant accident, you know, you haven't given us the name of — of —" Whiting ended lamely with a cough, and Carleton nodded that he understood. Then he gave them the address of the girl with the brown hair.

"You'd better sit at the desk here by the window. They're gathering now," said Somers. Groups of men — such men as one meets with dinner-pails every day in the street — were coming into the yard, some bantering, some serious, but all seemingly aware of a tension soon to be relieved. As the minutes flew, the groups grew in size. At twenty-five minutes past ten the yard was full, and a few angry shouts came up from below. Carleton sat quietly at the desk, glancing occasionally at the gathering crowd. Somers was now and again pulling out his watch. Whiting busied himself with some trifling task.

At ten thirty-five a murmur ran through the crowd, and Whiting exclaimed in evident relief, "Well, they're here."

Carleton saw Somers turn a trifle pale, and Whiting shut his square jaw until deep lines showed about his mouth. The group came close under the window and Whiting stepped before it.

"The answer is ready," he shouted. He turned to Carleton and laid a paper on the desk before him.

"This is it," he said. "Steady, now, steady!"

As Carleton rose and stepped to the window, he felt a sudden fierce joy. He was aware of a desire to shout. He seemed to walk on air. A moment he looked steadily into the upturned

faces. The next, he tore the paper to bits and flung it into the yard below.

And then, Bedlam! Oaths, yells, cat-calls, and from somewhere back in the crowd, a sharp report. He was aware of a numbness in his right arm, a feeling as of a red-hot iron in his shoulder, of the room whirling round and round, of Whiting's strong arm supporting him, and of Somers's voice, thick and indistinct, saying, "It's in the shoulder. For God's sake get him back from the window!"

"Well done," Whiting was saying. The voice seemed to come from the yard. "Well —" Carleton had fainted.

It was evening when he came to in the room of an uptown hotel. Somers and a doctor were there.

"Mighty plucky, my boy," Somers said, as he sat beside the couch. "You're hurt in the shoulder a bit, but you'll pull round all right. If that certain man had had half your grit this would never have happened."

Later in the evening they brought Carleton a last edition of one of the papers, and he read in the inch-and-a-half type of the scare heading:

STROM SHOT!
Crisis in Trouble at Crompton Works.
Threats of Violence Carried Out.
President Strom Tears Up Committee's
Demands.
Strikers Disheartened by President's
Aggressive Policy.

A messenger boy brought a note signed "George L. Whiting, Treasurer."

"Good work," it ran. "The Crompton steel-works need another book-keeper." And Carleton, propped up on the couch, called for paper and wrote to the girl with the brown hair.



Quaker Oats

The Health
Builder.

Lay the
foundation of
good health
by eating

Quaker Oats.

No other food
is so complete
in properly
balanced,
nourishing
properties.

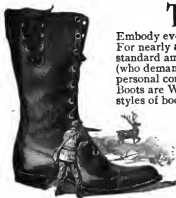
It gives you
more energy
—more
strength than
any other food.

It stays by
you. At all
Grocers'. See
that you get
the genuine
package with
the figure of
the Quaker in
the panel.

COOK IT RIGHT.

Follow
directions on
package.





The Putman Boots

Embody everything that is practical in Sportsmen's Footwear. For nearly a Quarter of a Century Putman Boots have been the standard among Western Hunters, Prospectors and Ranchmen (who demand the very best) and we have learned through our personal contact with them to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are Water Proof. Send for catalogue of over 30 different styles of boots. Also Indian Tanned Moose Hide Moccasins.

This cut shows our No. 678 Three Quarter Boot, (14 inches high) Bellows Tongue. Made on any style toe desired. Uppers are Special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on (our special tannage) making the leather Water Proof. Large eyelets and wide leather laces, also laced at side to fit boot tight around the top. Furnished in Black, Brown or Straw Color. Sole Light, Medium or Heavy. The Sole is genuine Hand Sewed (making it soft and easy), and made of best Water Proofed Oak Sole Leather.

Made to your measure and delivered to any part of the U. S. for..... **\$7.50**
Send for order blank showing how to measure your foot.

H. J. PUTMAN & CO.

98 Bridge Square,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FREE This beautiful Turquoise or Lovers' Knot Bangle Ring, warranted three years, with initial engraved and a premium absolutely **FREE**. Send 10 cents to help pay postage. Catalogue free. The Shell Novelty Co., Dept. 42, 184 Broadway, N. Y.



THERE IS NO INCUBATOR

which has been more successful than the **SUCCESSFUL**. You hear about them everywhere. The reason is that they do their work so well. Send 6c in stamps for new 154 p. book, printed in 5 languages, describing our New successful incubators and Brooders. They deserve their name.

Des Moines Incubator Co., Box 118, Des Moines, Iowa.



WE TEACH YOU FREE

\$5. to \$10. PER DAY. Gold, Silver, Nickel and Metal Plating.

At home or traveling, using and selling. Free! Gray's Process. Fine Watches, Jewelry, Tableware, Sterilizers, all metal goods. NO EXPERIENCE. Heavy plate. Modern methods. No tools. We do plating, make outfits, all sizes. Complete, all tools, dishes, materials, etc., ready for work. The Grayal, new dipping process, quick and easy. Write today. Pamphlet, samples, etc. **FREE**. P. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, CINCINNATI, O.

WRITERS, CORRESPONDENTS or REPORTERS

Wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. All pay for MSS., stories, poems, humor, illustrations, news, etc., etc. "V" Union Associated Press, New York.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
All you need to have is a ticket by the **NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES**
All you need to say is, **"PUT ME OFF AT BUFFALO."**
BUFFALO, U.S.A. MAY TO NOV. 1901

For a copy of the New York Central's Pan-American Exposition Folder, "Four-Track Series" No. 15, send a postage stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

Big Four

The 'Buffalo Route' to



1901 Pan-American Exposition

Big Four Route in connection with Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and New York Central R.R. offers the finest equipped train service at frequent intervals to Buffalo from South & West.

M. E. Ingalls, President.
Warren J. Lynch, Genl. Pass. Agt.
W. P. Deppa, A. G. P. A.
Cincinnati.

How Schlitz Beer is Brewed

There's a vast difference in beers—a difference as great as between healthfulness and harm. You who drink it should know it.

We have no wish to condemn any beer or its maker; but simply let us tell you how Schlitz beer is brewed.

We use the best barley that grows. We get our hops from Bohemia. One of the owners of our business selects them both.

The yeast that we use never varies. It is always developed from the same mother cells. The yeast is so perfect that the cells are priceless.

Cleanliness in our brewery is carried to the utmost extreme.

We insist on absolute purity. Schlitz beer is even cooled in filtered air. Then we filter the beer; then we sterilize it, after it has been bottled and sealed.

We age Schlitz beer thoroughly. No demand is ever so urgent that we ship beer while green. The lack of age makes some beer cause biliousness.

Every process of our brewing is supervised by a partner in our concern. Methods like these have made Schlitz beer the standard wherever beer is known. Reasons like these lead us to ask that you drink it.



Transmission of Infection by FLIES



The Medical Age, June 10, 1900, says: "An interesting experiment illustrative of the possibility of transmission of infection through the agency of flies is communicated by Dr. F. Smith of Sierra Leone (Public Health, Dec., 1899). Four Petri dishes were prepared, three with sterile serum, and one with a culture of diphtheria on serum. A common house fly was made to walk first over a sterile dish (No. 1), then over the one on which was the growth of diphtheria (No. 2), and next over the other two sterile ones (Nos. 3 and 4). Nos. 1, 3 and 4 were then placed in an incubator. On the following day No. 1 showed only a few cocci, but Nos. 3 and 4 showed colonies of diphtheria bacilli in the tracks of the fly. In other words:

1st. Four dishes of gelatinous food were so prepared that they contained not even the smallest germ of any kind.

2d. Some diphtheria germs were planted in Dish No. 2.

3d. A fly was made to walk over Dish No. 1, so that its feet were perfectly cleaned, everything adhering to them picked off by the gelatinous surface remaining upon the same.

4th. Then the fly was made to walk over Dish No. 2, containing the diphtheria germs.

5th. To learn if any diphtheria germs had fastened themselves to the fly's feet it was made to walk over the pure sterilized dishes Nos. 3 and 4.

6th. Dishes Nos. 3 and 4 were placed in an incubator to develop any germs which might have been deposited by the fly's feet.

7th. The next day colonies of bacilli had developed in the tracks of the fly, thus proving conclusively that flies carry contagion.

Tanglefoot Sticky Fly Paper will prevent flies from infecting you. It catches the germ as well as the fly, and coats them both over with a varnish from which they can never escape.

SONG WRITERS AND POETS

A successful piece of music makes a fortune for the author. We write music to words, arrange compositions, secure copyrights and publish on royalty.

SUCCESS MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

CHILDREN

TEETHING

For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.
An Old and Well Tried Remedy
FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by DRUGGISTS in every part of the World. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

Your Teeth are your Fortune

Success in Life

for men or women in these days of activity depends largely on personal attractiveness — which the fragrant breath, beautiful gums and dazzling white teeth do so much to create.

USE

Dentomorph

TOOTH PASTE

For the teeth, mouth, gums and breath

A creamy, delicious Dentifrice (in collapsible tubes). Trial sample and booklet free for 2c. stamp. At druggists 25c., or

Charles Wright Chem'l Co.
Dept. 8 Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.

"Your DENTOMORPH TOOTH PASTE is a most satisfactory dentifrice. It leaves a pleasing cleanliness in the mouth."

JULIA MARLOWE.

FAVORITE CAKE SPOON

For stirring and mixing batter of all kinds. It is useful as a skimmer and in one thousand and one ways. Agents send sets.



get manufacturers of Pure Aluminum, Scotch Granite and Tin Ware in the world. AGENTS, write how to get free this and four of our other bestselling household novelties — worth worth \$1.00 — Express prepaid. Address Dept. 91, HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, 25 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., or New York, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Louis, Mo.; Kansas City, Mo.; Denver, Col.; Seattle, Wash.

LET US START YOU!

\$20 to \$40 Weekly and expenses, Men and Women — at home or traveling. Our agents and salesmen made over \$500,000.00 last year supplying enormous demand for our famous **Quaker Bath Cabinet** and appointing agents. Wonderful seller. No Scheme or Fake Methods. **WRITE today for FREE NEW PROPOSITION, PLANS, ETC.** **FREE** World Mfg. Co., 6 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for
PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

"A little higher in price, perhaps, than ordinary talcums, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving.


Sold every where, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original.) Sample free. **GILMAN & MANNING CO., NEWARK, N. J.**



Pozzoni's
Medicated
Complexion Powder

removes all blemishes, protects, preserves and imparts to the skin that rose-like color and softness; contains no injurious substance whatever, so common in imitations.

Sample free. Box 50c.
J. A. Pozzoni Co., St. Louis or New York.



AGENTS MAKE FROM \$200 TO \$500
a month handling the **COMING LIGHT**.
Brighter than electricity, cheaper than kerosene. Thousands of testimonials from people using them over a year. Latest improvements. Endorsed by Ins. Co's. Largest factory in U.S. 41 styles. Lowest prices. Retail \$4 up. Sample lamp half price. We want one agent, merchant or individual in every town. Illustrated catalogue free.

STANDARD GAS LAMP CO.
118-120 MICHIGAN ST., CHICAGO.


LADIES TO DO PLAIN SEWING
at home, \$1.50 per day, four months' work guaranteed. Send stamped addressed envelope for full particulars.
R. W. Hutton & Co., Dept. 208, Philadelphia, Pa.



No matter what method of illumination you are now using this lamp is superior to it. It is not only the best lamp, but it is also the best light—a statement which means much and which we would not make if we could not back it up.

THE ANGLE LAMP,
"The Light that Never Falls,"
combines the three essential features of good light—great brilliancy, ease of operation and low cost. While more brilliant than gas or electricity, it never smokes, smells or gives any trouble, is lighted and extinguished as easily as gas, and costs but eighteen cents a month to burn. Thousands are in use and give un-failing satisfaction. It is ideal for the home. Send for our catalog V, which shows all styles from \$1.80 up.

THE ANGLE LAMP CO.,
76 Park Place, New York.



THE BUTTON
THAT REVOLUTIONIZED THE
HOSE SUPPORTER BUSINESS

No more Darning at the Knees
**NEVER SLIPS
OR TEARS**


The
Velvet Grip
HOSE SUPPORTER

Sample pair, by mail, 25c.
Catalogue free

CUSHION BUTTON

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED
No Stitching in the Elastic
LOOK For the Name on Every Loop

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers,
Boston, Mass.




OUR FREE BUGGY OFFER. WE
BUGGIES, CARRIAGES and all kinds of vehicles at
very much lower prices than you can
buy elsewhere. We send the goods to
any address by freight C. O. D., subject
to examination, payable after received,
examined and found far greater value than offered by any
other house. Don't buy a buggy, surrey or rig of any
kind until you get our new 1901 Buggy Catalogue.
Cut this ad out and send to us at once and we will send you the
new 1901 Buggy Catalogue by return mail. Address,
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.

MYSELF CURED I will gladly inform
anyone addicted to
**COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM
OR LAUDANUM,** of a never-failing
harmless Home Cure. Address
MRS. M. I. BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1212, Chicago, Ill.



**KEY RING
Identifier**
10¢

Name and address written on a
blank enclosed in tube identifies you
in case of accident or if the
keys are lost. Waterproof. Heavily
nickel plated. 12 cts. by mail. Live
agents wanted. Special price \$5.00
per hundred. **Wilber Mfg. Co.,**
Dept. C. 104 Water St., Boston.

Make a note of it

Its methods of acquiring stories, either by purchase, or under prize contests, are original with The Black Cat. They appeal as strongly to the obscure man or woman who, though lacking literary fame or editorial influence, can tell a clever tale, as to the acknowledged master who knows that merit alone is the basis of unbiased judgment.

The name or reputation of a writer counts for absolutely nothing with The Black Cat. Neither its editor nor its publisher knows even one out of a hundred of the men and women who have received tens of thousands of dollars for stories contributed to its pages. Every manuscript is judged solely upon its merits as a story—as an original, unusual, cleverly told story. Again, The Black Cat pays, not as other publications pay, according to the length, but according to the strength of a story, and pays promptly upon acceptance the highest price. These are not mere claims, but facts known to every one who has gained admission to its pages.

The Shortstory Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

If you or your friend can tell a story worth printing then you'll find the following worth reading. There will shortly be published in THE BLACK CAT full particulars of its next prize story competition. To add interest and novelty to this contest there will be awarded in addition to cash prizes varying from \$100 to \$1,000 each, a series of most attractive and valuable special prizes. Among these will be a free trip around the world; free round-trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific; free round-trip to Cuba, and a new \$1,200 Automobile. Don't miss the opportunity. Tell

your friends. If your newsdealer won't furnish you The Black Cat at 5 cents a copy get another newsdealer. If you haven't a newsdealer send us 50 cents and we will mail it to you for a year.

A Chance for Writers

Free Trip Around the World

A New Thing!

For making
Chocolate-dipped
Bon-Bons at
Home



LOWNEY'S
Medallion
(CHOCOLATE)

*Specially prepared and
recommended for making
Home-made Chocolate Bon-Bons*



Nothing
like it

The most delicious eating chocolate possible—just as it comes from the package—and the *only* preparation of chocolate suitable for coating home-made candies.

A cake (1-2 lb.) and a 16-page book, containing receipts for making chocolate dipped bonbons at home, sent postpaid on receipt of 35 cents. The Receipt Book alone sent on receipt of 4 cents in stamps.

The Walter M. Lowney Co., Dept. K,
BOSTON, MASS.,
Makers of Lowney's Chocolate Bonbons.



Utter Weariness

after the day's business foretells nervous prostration. Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic, taken at this hour immediately relieves exhaustion, coaxes appetite and enables one to eat—and digest—nourishing food. This preparation is highly concentrated containing in a small compass the nutritive elements of grain, predigested, and thus prepared for immediate assimilation. Invaluable for all forms of nervous debility and malnutrition where digestion is impaired and where the demand for constructive material is very great.

Pabst Malt Extract The "Best" Tonic

IS SOLD BY ALL
DRUGGISTS
AND MADE BY

Pabst Brewing Co.
Tonic DEPT.
Milwaukee, Wis.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET



DIVIDENDS

Of from 12% to
20% per Annum

Are being paid regularly each month

On 4 of the 6 Successful Mines

For which we acted as sole financial agents during the year 1900. April being the 12th consecutive dividend on one stock, the 10th on another, etc., and the other two will soon enter the dividend list. We make a specialty of legitimate working mines, dividend properties and the treasury stock in promising mines.

First Issues at Low Prices

Which invariably pay the investor unusually large profits, and by our combination plan of dividend payers and first issues have never made a loss for a customer. We have recently added to our list The Standard Smelting and Refining Co., and The Union Consolidated. The latter, two meritorious investments promising very large profits and early dividends. Booklets of New Mines and Dividend Payers, Special Combination Plan, Latest Reports from the Properties and Full Particulars Mailed Free to any one interested, on application.

DOUGLAS, LACEY & CO.

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

Members New York Consolidated Stock Exchange,

66 Broadway & 17 New St., New York

BRANCHES:

CLEVELAND, "The Cuyahoga" Building.
BOSTON, "The International Trust Co." Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA, "The Betz" Building.
CHICAGO, "The Fisher" Building.
ST. LOUIS, "The Security" Building.
KANSAS CITY, "The Heist" Building.
ST. JOHN, N. B., "The McLaughlin" Buildings.
LONDON, E.C.O., "The Trafalgar" Buildings.



FAT

How to reduce it

Mr. Hans Horn, 544 E. 85th St., New York City, writes:

"It reduced my weight 40 lbs. three years ago, and I have not gained an ounce since." Purely vegetable, and harmless as water. Any one can make it at home at little expense. No starving. No sickness. We will mail a box of it and full particulars in a plain sealed package for 4 cents for postage, etc.

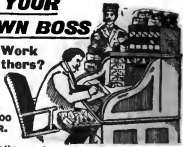
Hall Chemical Co.,
Dept. K A, ST. LOUIS, MO.



BE YOUR OWN BOSS

Why Work
for Others?

MANY
MAKE
2,000.00
A YEAR.



You have the same chance. Start a Mail-Order Business at your home, in any town or village. We tell you how. No license required. Big Mail Orders. Money coming in daily. Large profits. Everything furnished. Our long experience is at your service. If you want to begin, write at once for our "Starter" and FREE particulars.

B. C. KRAEGER CO., 155 Washington St. Chicago, Ill.

\$19.30 FOR THIS FINE STAFFORD

DESK 50 in. long
30 in. wide

quarter sawed oak
front, oak through-
out, letter file,
blank drawers,
document file,
pigeon hole box-
es, extension
slide, letter
holders and
drips. Large,
complete, attrac-
tive and conven-
ient.

Desks \$10 and up

Can furnish your
Office or Home
throughout at **FACTORY PRICES.**

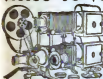
Catalog No. 147, Office Furniture. Catalog No. 148, Home
Furniture. E. H. Stafford & Son, Steglway Hall, Chicago.



TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,

322 Broadway, New York, sell all makes under half price.
Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice
and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection.
Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first class. Dealers sup-
plied. 62-page illustrated catalogue free.

\$10.00 TO \$50.00 PER DAY



is being made by men (with-
out experience) giving public
exhibitions with **MOVING
PICTURE MACHINES**
and other entertainment out-
fits which we fur-
nish complete at **\$18.50**
and upwards. Easily operated.
WONDERFUL PAYING BUSINESS.
For full particulars, speci-
fied inside prices and a liberal offer,
cut this ad. out and mail to

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

1877. **FOR 23 YEARS** 1900.

We Have Successfully Treated

CANCER.

THE BERKSHIRE HILLS SANATORIUM

has no rivals. Describe your case, and we will send
prepaid the most complete treatise on the subject of
Cancer and Tumors ever published, and will refer you
to persons whom we have successfully treated that
were similarly afflicted.

DRS. W. E. BROWN & SON, No. Adams, Mass.

New Combination Billiard, Pool Board, Price \$15



Balletto Combination Portable Billiard and Pool
Board. 20 Games with Cues, Balls and Pins. Steel
braced, will not warp, green broadcloth, best cushions,
beautiful cabinet work, highly polished, bronzed trim-
med, sizes 30 x 60 and 36 x 72 inches, set on any table,
leveling device, very light, set away in closet, 16 best
composition balls, cues, pocket covers, book of direc-
tions, etc. They are entirely new, interesting, instruc-
tive and fascinating for people of all ages and greatly
aid in making home attractive. Recently patented, yet
thousands in use in U. S. and foreign countries. Used
in many homes of celebrities and Y. M. C. A. rooms.
Nearly as good as \$150 table. Sent on trial. See our
Bradstreet's rating. Prices and circulars free.

E. T. BURROWES CO.

104 Free Street. - Portland, Me.

We are also the Largest Company in the World mak-
ing Fine Wire Inset Screens to order for good houses.
Write for Screen Catalogue F. Refer to 150,000 custom-
ers in 45 States.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY'S

Thirteen best books are: The Alphabet of Love, The
Beautiful Coquette, The Crime of Hallow E'en, Dora
Miller, Daisy Gordon's Folly, Filtrations of a Beauty,
Little Leafy, Little Ruby's Rival Lovers, Lyndell's
Temptation, A Master Workman's Oath, Only a
Mechanic's Daughter, Pretty Freda's Lovers, Willful
Gaynell. All of these books are for sale by all book
dealers everywhere, or they will be sent by mail, post-
paid, for 20 cents each, or any six for only \$1.00.
Address all orders to J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING
COMPANY, 16 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.



\$2.75 BUYS \$6.00 DRESS PATTERN

For \$2.75 we furnish a full dress pattern of six yards of genuine 42-inch Pierola. Two
Tone Mercerized Crepon, your choice of colorings, goods that retail everywhere at
\$1.00. **SEND NO MONEY** Cut this ad. out, send us, and we will send you a big, full
yard.

dress pattern of six yards of this fine, 42-inch, new style **PIEROLA MER-
CERIZED CREPON** by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. You can
examine the goods at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, ex-
actly as represented, such a dress pattern as you could not buy from your
storekeeper at home at less than \$6.00, a class of goods that is seldom
found in country stores at any price, pronounced by everyone the greatest
value ever shown in your section, the acme of fashion. **\$2.75**
then pay the express agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE** and express charges. The express charges will average from \$5 to \$6 cents, order
two or more dress patterns at once and the charges per pattern will be much reduced.

THIS HANDSOME NEW MERCERIZED PIEROLA CREPON
is one of the handsomest heavy-weight fabrics shown this season, a fancy raised crepon effect.
Comes in bellotoppe and black, gold and black, turquoise and black, black and
white, green and black, blue and red, navy and turquoise, green and red, cardinal
and black, brown and gold, olive and orise, also black. Be sure to state color wanted,
and black, brown and gold, olive and orise, also black. Be sure to state color wanted.

and give first and second choice, so if we are not of use we can send the other. For more than 6 yards, 46 cents per yard extra.
We have bought these goods direct from one of the largest mills under a **POSITIVE GUARANTEE** for quality.
OUR SPECIAL \$2.75 PRICE for 6 yards of this 42-inch goods (a full dress pattern), is a price based on
the actual cost to produce, is less than dealers can buy in hundred piece
lots, is such value as was never before offered by any house. We make this heretofore unheard of price of **\$2.75** for
a full 6-yard dress pattern to advertise our Dress Goods Department and get people everywhere interested in our big values. **WRITE**
FOR FREE DRY GOODS CATALOGUE, ORDER TODAY, DON'T DELAY. When these goods are gone they never again can be offered
at the price. Order two, four or six dress patterns at our special **\$2.75** price by getting your friends to order with you,
and in this way the express charges for each will be almost nothing. Address,
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.



Dr. Ozias Paquin.

DRUNKENNESS —AND— MORPHINISM

The excessive use of Alcohol, Morphine, Opium or Chloral produces a disease which yields easily to the

PAQUIN IMMUNE TREATMENT.

Are Curable Diseases

This treatment for alcoholism is self-administered by the patient at home without publicity or detention from business. The craving appetite is permanently removed without resorting to will power, as the patient is entirely in mania from further desire as well as cured from the disease which causes the desire for the stimulants. It is in high favor as there are no bad after effects. **Endorsed by business firms of national reputation.** Upon application convincing proofs will be sent as to the efficaciousness of this wonderful treatment, which has reclaimed hundreds of relapses from other treatments.

THE PAQUIN IMMUNE CO.

Chemical Building.

Department 52.

ST. LOUIS, MO.



BIG SILK GOODS SALE

FOR \$2.20 we furnish a waist pattern of 4 yards of HEAVY BLACK GROSGRAIN BROCADE SILK, regular \$4.00 value.

FOR \$5.50 we furnish a full skirt pattern of 10 yards, regular \$10.00 value.

FOR \$7.70 we furnish a full suit pattern of 14 yards, the equal of anything you can buy from your dealer at home for \$14.00.

SEND NO MONEY cut this ad. out and send to us, state whether you wish waist, skirt or dress pattern and we will send the goods to you by express C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine them at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, such value as you could not buy from your storekeeper at home at less than double the price, a class of goods that is seldom found in country stores at any price, procured by express the greatest value ever shown in your section, then pay the express agent Our Special Offer Price and express will average 25 to 50 cents; by ordering two or more patterns the charges per pattern will be much reduced.

55 CENTS PER YARD for REGULAR \$1.00 VALUE. 4, 10, or 14-yard lengths, or any lengths desired, 55 cents per yard. In less than cost in manufacture. We took the entire stock from one of the largest recent sales at wholesale auction in this country. The goods were closed out to us on our own cash bid, and our 55-cent price is about one half the regular price. These goods are 19 inches wide, heavy black Grosgrain Brocade Silk. Comes in a variety of choice patterns, guaranteed absolutely pure, will make a handsome and durable separate waist or skirt, and in an entire costume it certainly would be superb. The silk is made in France by one of the largest French weavers. The brocade patterns are entirely new for 1901. They are a class of goods that will be found only in the best retail stores, and there at \$1.00 to \$1.25 a yard.

ORDER A WAIST, SKIRT OR DRESS PATTERN, have it nicely made up, and you will have such a garment as few, if any, in your neighborhood possess. **UNDERSTAND,** YOU TAKE NO RISK IN ORDERING. You need no money. If the goods are not found perfectly satisfactory when received, DON'T PAY A CENT, and the express agent will return them to us at our expense. Under two, four or six patterns at these special prices by getting your friends to order with you, and the express charges for each will be almost nothing. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.



This illustration, engraved from a photograph, gives you an idea of the appearance of our \$5.50 silk waist pattern when made up in a stylish silk waist. Of course, you can make it in any style.



SEND NO MONEY

Just send us your name and address and we will send to any responsible party by return express, charges prepaid, a Fox Adjustable Copy Holder on

TWO WEEKS' FREE TRIAL.

After the trial if you are pleased with it send us the price, \$2.00, and keep the Copy Holder, but if for any reason you do not wish to keep it, express it back at our expense—no cost to you whatever. We take all the risk.

A good copy holder will increase a stenographer's speed so much that its cost will be saved in a week. It increases the speed and the salary of the stenographer. It saves time and makes money for the employer. You lose money every day you do without it.

THE FOX ADJUSTABLE COPY HOLDER has many points of merit not possessed by others. It is the only one made that can be placed at any desired position or angle to suit the eyesight, the light, or other convenience. It will fit any typewriter. It is the best copy holder made. Mention make of your typewriter with your order.

DEALERS WANTED.

FOX TYPEWRITERS.

No. 1—76 Characters.
No. 2—88 Characters.

LEAST NOISE—SHORTEST OIL—LIGHTEST TOUCH. Interesting Catalogue and Prices on request.

FOX TYPEWRITER CO., 60 N. Front St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

NO-RUB



SILVER POLISH

IT SHINES FOR ALL

As long as silver has been used to eat with women have sighed over the drudgery of cleaning it. That has been one of the things in a woman's work that is never done. Anything that has to be done three times a day—rain or shine—is worth doing easily as well as well. But silver cleaning never has been easy—never would have been easy if a bright Yankee had not invented

NO-RUB!

Already it has contributed to make housekeeping light housekeeping in thousands of homes. It is waiting ready to lighten the drudgery of every woman who reads this. It is acknowledged to be in every way the best preparation known for removing the tarnish from silver and restoring to it the brilliant lustre with which it came from the silver-smith.

NO-RUB SILVER POLISH

is a liquid and vastly superior to any powder polish, for it cleans the silver instantaneously with **no rubbing**; never scratches or otherwise mars the polished surfaces, nor leaves a black deposit in the engraved parts—and absolutely harmless.

FREE

To introduce No-Rub where it is not yet known we will send one full-size bottle to anyone sending us 10 cents to pay mailing expenses.

THE NO-RUB MFG. CO., Winthrop Bldg., Boston, Mass.

See our special offer on page VI of this issue of The Black Cat.

THE C. F. WYCKOFF CO. BOSTON

OUR NEW 1901 FLOWER SEED OFFER!

A Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS 310 Varieties, FREE!



An Unparalleled Offer by an Old-Established and Reliable Publishing House! THE LADIES' WORLD is a large, 24-page, 96-column illustrated magazine for ladies and the family circle, with elegant cover printed in colors. It is devoted to Stories, Poems, Ladies' Fancy Work, Home Decoration, House-keeping, Fashions, Hygiene, Juvenile Reading, Floriculture, etc. To introduce this charming ladies' magazine into 100,000 homes where it is not already taken, we now make the following editorial offer: Upon receipt of only Twenty Cents in silver or stamps, we will send **The Ladies' World** for Six Months, and to each subscriber we will also send, **Free** and **Post-paid**, a large and magnificent Collection of **Choice Flower Seeds, 310 Varieties, as follows:**

- 1 Packet **Calceola, Austrian Feather.** A beautiful plant growing three feet high, and developing large plumes curved and curled like an ostrich feather.
- 1 Packet **Royal Pansies.** Finest mixture, comprising such famous sorts as *Tramontane, Five-Matched Order, Augustus, Parisian Fancy, Kaimberg*, etc.
- 1 Packet **Superb Asters.** Choice mixture of finest named varieties, including *Victoria, Non Plus Ultra, Comet, Jewel, Branching Crown, Triumph*, etc.
- 1 Packet **Eckford Sweet Peas.** Fifty new named varieties, including *Golden Glam, Coquette, Daybreak, Othello, Fashion, Navy Blue, Black Knight*, etc.
- 1 Packet **Sunset Poppies.** A magnificent assortment, composed exclusively of double varieties, including *White Swan, Cardinal, American Flag, Snowdrift, Metado*, etc.
- 1 Packet **Cosmos**, mixed, comprising many colors and shades formerly unknown, from pure white to deep crimson. The flowers are large and borne in great profusion.
- 1 Packet **Lobb's Nasturtium.** A choice mixture, including *Queen Victoria, Lucifer, Spitzke, Lily Schmidt*, etc. Charming for hanging baskets, old stumps, trellises, etc.
- 1 Packet **Singls Dahlias**, mixed, including the popular *Jalet Chretien*, remarkable for great variety and brilliancy of coloring, large size and fine form. Bloom from June to October.
- 1 Packet **Double China Pinks.** One of the most attractive of hardy garden flowers. Blooms very profusely, in rich variety of colors.
- 1 Packet **Calendula, Meteor.** A showy hardy annual, forming dwarf, bushy plants, producing large double flowers of a bright yellow, striped orange. Blooms all summer.



Comet Aster

And **Three Hundred Other Varieties**, including *Fireball, Dianthus, Pilox Drummondii, Japanese Morning Glory, Gallardia, Everlasting, Thunbergia, Candytuft, Chrysanthemums, German Stock, Liliput Marigold, Salpiglossis, Forget-Me-Not, Verbena, Mignonette, Cyprus Vine, Digitalis, Petunia*, etc. Remember, twenty cents pays for the Magazine for Six Months, and this entire Magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds (310 varieties), put up by a first-class Seed House and warranted fresh and reliable. We guarantee perfect satisfaction, and will refund your money and make you a present of the seeds if you are not entirely satisfied. *This offer is reliable.* Do not confound it with the catchpenny schemes of unscrupulous persons. We have been established as years, and refer to the Commercial Agencies as to responsibility. Six subscriptions and six Seed Collections sent for \$1.00. Address **S. H. MOORE & CO., 23 City Hall Place, New York.**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED FOREVER



with the **Thiobath Electrical Apparatus** Root life of every hair destroyed.

Failure Absolutely Impossible - FREE TRIAL Skin left perfectly smooth. Only permanent method. Painless, simple, safe and cheap. Can be used by yourself in home privacy. Operation painless. Complete instructions with each apparatus. Correspondence confidential. Book, full particulars and **TRIAL FREE.** Enclose stamp. Write to-day. **THIOPH ELECTRIC CO., Inc.** Dept. D-5, 57 Randolph St., Chicago.

HAIR SWITCH FREE

ON EASY CONDITIONS.

Put this ad. out and mail to us. Send a small sample of your hair, cut close to the roots. **SEND NO MONEY;** we will make and send you by mail, postpaid, a **FINE HUMAN HAIR SWITCH**, as exact match, made as incised long from selected human hair, 34 ounces, short stem. We will inclose in package with switch sufficient postage to return it to us if not perfectly satisfactory, but if found exactly as represented and most extraordinary value and you wish to keep it, either send us \$1.50 by mail within 10 days or TAKE ORDERS FOR 3 SWITCHES AT \$1.50 EACH among your friends and send to us without any money, we to send the 3 switches to them direct by mail, to be paid for 30 days after received if perfectly satisfactory, and you can then have the switch we send you free for your trouble.



We give **Planes, Organs, Sewing Machines, Dishes, Furniture, Watches, Bicycles, Cameras** and other premiums for taking orders for Our Switches. One lady earned a **Plane** in fifteen days, one a **Sewing Machine** in 3 days. Order a Switch at once or write to-day for **FREE PREMIUM OFFER.** Address, **Ladies' Hair Emporium, Chicago.**

Makes Women Beautiful

Marvelous development accomplished by the new and wonderful "Vestro" method of enlarging the Female Bust.

Flat-chested and unattractive women are quickly developed into commanding figures that excite wonderment and admiration.

A new and surprisingly effective home treatment has been discovered that enlarges the female bust at least six inches. Women who are not lacking in this respect will not be particularly interested, but those who by some unfortunate circumstance of health or occupation are deficient in this development will be very much fascinated by the peculiar prominence achieved by the treatment. It is called "Vestro" and is controlled by the well known Aurum Medicine Co.

There is no doubt about the marvelous power of this new treatment to develop the bust to a gratifying extent. Any lady who wishes to know more about Vestro should send her name and address to the Aurum Medicine Co. They will send free, in plain sealed envelope by mail, a new "beauty book" they have just prepared, also photographs from life showing the actual development induced and a great number of testimonials from physicians, chemists and prominent ladies all commending the wonderful and remarkable power of Vestro to enlarge the bust no matter how flat the chest may be. Do not fail to write at once. The beauty book and portraits will delight you. All you need do is to send name and address and a two-cent stamp to pay postage. Address **AURUM MEDICINE CO., Dept. D, A, 55 State St., Chicago.**



OPIUM MORPHINE habit cured in 10 to 20 days. 30,000 cases cured. **NO PAY TILL CURED.** Address **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. B, 9 Lebanon, Ohio.**

FREE
GRATS
6

PRIZES FREE

1 Solid Gold Shell Gem Set Birthday Ring, warranted, 1 Chain Bracelet and Lock, 1 Isis Lucky Moons Stick Pin, 3 Pieces Silver Plated Ware - Butter Knife, Sugar Shell and Pickle Fork. All 6 above Free (and our Watch Offer) mailed at once entirely Free for mailing only 15 Cts.

Cent Packages of Rose Perfume. Send address to-day (no money). We mail Perfume to be paid for when sold.

MUTUAL CO., Dept. D-5, 50 W. Larned St., DETROIT, MICH.

TEACHING OVER
280,000 STUDENTS

By Mail



The International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa., has students in every civilized country. Write for our circular entitled "Salaried Positions for Learners". Mechanical, Electrical, Steam and Civil Engineering; Architecture; Drawing; Chemistry; Telegraphy; Teaching; Stenography; Book-keeping; English Branches. When writing state subject in which interested.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1198, Scranton, Pa.
Established 1891. Capital \$1,500,000.

HAIR SWITCH 65 CENTS.

WE SELL HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES to match any hair at from 65c to \$3.25, the equal of switches that retail at \$2.00 to \$5.00.

OUR OFFER: Cut this ad out and send to us, inclose a good sized sample of the exact shade wanted, and cut it out as near the roots as possible, inclose our special price quoted and 5 cents extra to pay postage, and we will make the switch to match your hair exact, and send to you by mail, postpaid, and if you are not perfectly satisfied, return it and we will immediately refund your money.

Our Special Offer Price as follows: 1-oz. switch 35 in. long, long stem, 65c; short stem, 90c; 1-oz. 25 in. long, short stem, \$1.25; 3-oz. 25 in. long, short stem, \$1.50; 3-oz. 18 in. long, short stem, \$2.25; 2 1/2-oz. 25 in. long, short stem, \$3.25. WE GUARANTEE

OUR WORK the highest grade on the market. Order at once and get these special prices. Your money returned if you are not pleased. Write for Free Catalogue of Hair Goods. Address,

ROBERTS SPECIALTY CO.,

114 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Cancer and Tumor Cured without the aid of knife or plaster, and without pain.

A treatise, testimonials and letter of advice free. Address

C. H. MASON, M.D., Chatham, N.Y.



Why don't YOU drink HIRES Rootbeer?

"Who-o?"

"You!"



HIRES Rootbeer is the ideal spring tonic and home beverage. It cleanses and cools the blood, revives and refreshes the whole system—fits you for the summer's heat.

To be had everywhere in carbonated form or in packages. A package makes five gallons—sent by mail for 25 cents. Dealers, write for our big offer this year.

CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, Malvern, Pa.



WANTED—Agents everywhere, either sex; Zarema Diamond; experts puzzled to detect from genuine; liberal commission; catalogue, sample (ring or stud) free on application.

ZAREMA DIAMOND CO.,
115 Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

SEND NO MONEY,

HIGH GRADE DROP-HEAD CABINET NEW QUEEN SEWING MACHINE, by freight, C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, equal to the highest grade sewing machines advertised by other houses at \$20.00 to \$30.00, and as good a machine as you can buy from your dealer at home at \$30.00 to \$40.00, the greatest bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay your railroad agent

OUR \$11.25 NEW QUEEN SEWING MACHINE

IS COVERED BY A BINDING 20-YEAR GUARANTEE. It is made by one of the best sewing machine makers in America, has every new and up-to-date improvement, high arm, positive four-motion feed, very light running, does any work. Try one oak, drop head cabinet, as illustrated. Oak cabinet is beautifully finished, highly polished, elaborately finished throughout.

AT \$11.25 WE FURNISH THIS SEWING MACHINE

COMPLETE WITH ALL ACCESSORIES, including 1 quilter, 3 screwdrivers, 8 bobbins, 1 package of needles, 1 oil can, and a complete instruction book, which makes everything so plain that even a child without previous experience can operate the machine at once. FOR 25 CENTS EXTRA, we furnish, in addition to the regular accessories mentioned, the following special attachments: 1 thread cutter, 1 braider, 1 binder, 1 set of plain hemmers, different widths up to 3/4ths of an inch.

SEWING MACHINE DEALERS who will order three or more machines at one time will be supplied with the same machine, under another name, and with our name entirely removed, but the price will be the same, viz., \$11.25, even in hundred lots. ORDER TODAY. DON'T DELAY. Such an offer was never known before.

FOR \$98.50 UPRIGHT GRAND PIANO IS A WONDER. Shipped on one year's free trial.

Write for Free Piano Catalogue. Address your orders plainly to SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



This can be done on any sewing machine made. It comes in a beautiful solid oak, drop head cabinet, as illustrated. Oak cabinet is beautifully finished, highly polished, elaborately finished throughout.

AT \$11.25 WE FURNISH THIS SEWING MACHINE

COMPLETE WITH ALL ACCESSORIES, including 1 quilter, 3 screwdrivers, 8 bobbins, 1 package of needles, 1 oil can, and a complete instruction book, which makes everything so plain that even a child without previous experience can operate the machine at once. FOR 25 CENTS EXTRA, we furnish, in addition to the regular accessories mentioned, the following special attachments: 1 thread cutter, 1 braider, 1 binder, 1 set of plain hemmers, different widths up to 3/4ths of an inch.

SEWING MACHINE DEALERS who will order three or more machines at one time will be supplied with the same machine, under another name, and with our name entirely removed, but the price will be the same, viz., \$11.25, even in hundred lots. ORDER TODAY. DON'T DELAY. Such an offer was never known before.

FOR \$98.50 UPRIGHT GRAND PIANO IS A WONDER. Shipped on one year's free trial.

Write for Free Piano Catalogue. Address your orders plainly to SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Illustration shows machine shown, so that can be used as a table, stand or desk.

cut this advertisement out and send to us and we will send you this OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE \$11.25 and freight charges. Give the machine three months' trial in your own home and we will return your \$11.25 any day you are not satisfied.



THIS ILLUSTRATION gives you an idea of the appearance of the HIGH GRADE, HIGH ARM NEW QUEEN SEWING MACHINE which we furnish at \$11.25, in the handsome 3-drawer drop head oak cabinet illustrated.

Copper

AS AN INVESTMENT

The progress of industry in America is daily increasing the demand for the great staple, *Copper*. The general requirements of manufacturers, together with demands arising from electrical developments, will continue to absorb Copper very rapidly. In the latter field, Copper has already become an indispensable article. Thus the man who invests in a reliable Copper Stock to-day does not go into a gamble in which his chances of losing are about three to one. He invests in a practical business venture that is as safe and sure as careful conservative management and sound business sense can make it. He invests in a great and ever-growing industry that offers larger profits and quicker returns than any other legitimate business.

In the great stock exchanges of Europe, mining shares have long been recognized as among the most desirable of all investment securities. In this country the people are just commencing to learn of the money-making opportunities that lie open to them along this line,—greater by far than are offered in any of the European stocks.

Buy Beulah

WHAT BEULAH OFFERS

The richest Copper ore in America to-day is taken from the mines of southern Wyoming and across the boundary in Colorado.

The Beulah Copper Company owns about 90 acres in the Battle Lake region, Wyoming. Heavy-producing mines are located here, and Beulah bids fair to become one of the best. Development work has progressed rapidly, and the ore taken out has made a remarkable showing.

The first assay from the office of Henry Carmichael, of Boston, Dec. 18, 1900, showed a total of \$55.83 to the ton. The latest assay from the same office, March 6, 1901, showed \$242.61 to the ton. These figures are significant.

The men who are back of the company do not guarantee large returns to investors. Their proposition is simply plain, straightforward business. They have put their own money into the company, and ask you to join them in the enterprise, if you care to, on the same basis.

A limited amount of the Treasury Stock of the company is still unsubscribed. This stock was first offered to the public at 25 cents per share. March 25 the price advanced to 50 cents per share. Par value, \$1.00, full paid and non-assessable. The price will be again advanced in the near future.

For prospectus and further information address

THE BEULAH COPPER CO.

48 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

49-CENT SILK OFFER

For 49 Cents per Yard we offer this Regular \$1.00, Fine All Silk Taffeta. It is less than cost to manufacture and much lower than dealers can buy in any quantity. A large New York silk house was compelled to raise money and asked us for a spot cash offer on 8,500 pieces of this fine silk. We made them a ridiculously low offer, but to our surprise it was promptly accepted to get immediate money. To give our customers, to give everyone the advantage of our purchase, we could but one small percentage of profit and make the heretofore unheard-of offer of 49 cents for REGULAR \$1.00 GOODS. **SEND NO MONEY.** Cut this ad. out and send to us, MENTION No. 991, state color and number of yards wanted and we will send the silk to you by express C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest express

office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented and the greatest value you have ever seen or heard of, if you are convinced we are saving you one-half in price, then pay the express agent our Special Price of and express charges. The express charges on four to ten yards will amount to 25 to 50 cents; on twelve to twenty yards, 40 to 60 cents. By ordering several waist or dress patterns you reduce the express charges to next to nothing. We therefore advise you to get your friends to join with you and make up an order for several waist or dress patterns to be sent together. **THIS IS A GENUINE GUINET ET CIE, FINE ALL PURE SILK RUSTLING TAFFETA.** One of the very best silks made. Positively the very latest style and more in demand than any other silk manufactured today. Good weight, 20 inches wide, makes up very stylish in a handsome silk waist or silk suit, and is especially appropriate as a foundation to be covered with lace that are so popular this season. These silks come in a big variety of beautiful colors. Every evening shade and opera colors. Also beautiful shades of green, brown, cardinal, blue, heliotrope, yellow, orange, violet, tan, white and cerise. 4 yards makes an ample waist pattern; 14 yards a dress pattern; 10 yards a good skirt pattern. Understand, you take no risk. Do not send a cent, and if the goods are not perfectly satisfactory when Address your orders to ~

49c PER YARD



This illustration gives you an idea of our 49-cent silk made up in a waist. Of course, you can make it up any style.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

MORPHINE

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Most remarkable home remedy ever discovered for **OPUM, MORPHINE, LAUDANUM** and other drug habits. Harmless; painless. Contains **Great Vital Principle** heretofore unknown. Confidential correspondence invited.

ST. JAMES SOCIETY, 1218 Broadway, New York.

Cure for the Blues!



Prize Story Gripsack

For 25 cents we will mail the eight numbers of **THE BLACK CAT** containing the 17 capital prize stories here named, together with 23 others that helped win the title, "The story-telling hit of the age." Money cannot buy more fascinating stories.

The Shortstory Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

Through the Forbidden Gates.	\$200 Prize
Carroll Carrington.	
The Quarantined Bridegroom.	\$150 "
Edna Kenton.	
The Galkwar's Sword.	\$300 "
H. S. Canfield.	
The Dancing Goddess.	\$100 "
W. G. Kelly.	
The Train Hunt at Loidos.	\$200 "
E. C. Preston.	
The Diamond Drill and Mary.	\$150 "
H. J. W. Dam.	
A Sister to the Borgias.	\$125 "
Joanna E. Wood.	
The Levitation of Jacob.	\$200 "
Clifford Howard.	
"Missing."	\$100 "
Mary Boardman Sheldon.	
The French Doll's Dowry.	\$100 "
Florence G. Tuttle.	
The Music of Money.	\$100 "
Newton Newkirk.	
The White Brick.	\$1,000 "
F. E. Chase.	
Dr. Goldman.	\$100 "
Don Mark Lemon.	
The Vase of the Mikado.	\$150 "
A. E. B. Lane.	
Hans Kremler's Anniversary.	\$300 "
Elizabeth F. Dye.	
When Time Turned.	\$125 "
Ethel Watts Mumford.	
Margaret Kelly's Wake.	\$500 "
S. C. Brean.	

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

CURES

*Female Troubles,
Stooping Posture,
Inflammations,
Internal Pains,
Tired Feeling,
Backache,
Weak Lungs,
Nervousness.*

TRIAL FREE.

It will make you comfortable, buoyant, happy—give you ability to work and enjoy life. It is simple, wholly external, adjustable to any figure. Worn with or without corset.

We have over 15,000 letters like this:

Chandler, Okla., July 27, 1909.
Your Brace did all you said about it and more for me. It has saved me a big doctor's bill and brought me good health, which I had not had before in 25 years. My troubles were dropsy, headache, lung disease, stomach and other ills to which women are subject.

MISS L. B. LICKINSON.
Write today for particulars and illustrated book mailed free in plain sealed envelope. Address:
The Natural Body Brace Co., Box 50, Salina, Kansas.

Every woman should have this Brace.



**I Print
My Own
Cards
Circulars,
Books,
Newspaper**

Card Press \$5
Larger, \$14
Money saving,
maker. Typewriting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c., to factory.
THE PRESS CO.,
Meriden, Conn.

For
Sick and Well
Folks



Robinson's Bath Cabinet

CURES DISEASE WITHOUT MEDICINE.

A positive cure for Rheumatism, Blood, Liver, Kidney and Skin diseases. No disease can resist the power of heat.

A Turkish Bath at Home for 2 Cents
THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL FREE.

If not found as represented money refunded.
\$2.00 BOOK FREE TO PATRONS, contains full instructions for curing disease, written by prominent physicians.

Please Send for Our Book and Special Offer. Agents Wanted.

\$75 to \$200 monthly can be made.
Write us at once for special Agent's 1901 proposition. Exclusive rights given. Do not delay.

ROBINSON THERMAL BATH CO.
680 Jefferson St., Toledo, Ohio.

Quality and Purity—Made in Cleanliness

B.T. Babbitt's Best Soap

No filling, no adulterations—just all soap—the extreme of real soap economy

Pabst beer is always pure

Buckeye Folding Bath Cabinet



Price \$5

In one week. Mrs. J. R. Palmer made \$17.00 one month.

MOLLENKOPP & McCREERY, 936 Dorr Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.

For the Application of Heat and Steam, is a sure road to health and cleanliness. It is a small, rubber-lined, air-tight room in which the bather sits on a chair, while the heater supplied with each cabinet, gradually increases the temperature, which opens the pores all over the body and sweats out all impurities. The Buckeye has exclusive features of its own which are absolutely essential in a bath cabinet. A detailed description and a fund of valuable information not contained in this advertisement will be sent FREE upon request, or still better, send \$5.00 at once for a Cabinet, use it 50 days and return it and get your money back if not just as represented. Free formula for all kinds of medicated baths with each Cabinet. Face Steaming attachment \$1.00 extra. For cleanliness it is better than any water bath and can be used in any room, folded and put away when the bath is finished.

A REWARD OF \$50.00 for any case of RHEUMATISM OF FEMALE TROUBLE that cannot be cured by the use of the Buckeye Cabinet. Recommended in the worst cases of Neuralgia, LaGrippe, Tonillitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and all Blood, Skin, Liver and Kidney diseases. Reduces superfluous flesh without dieting or dosing the stomach.

LOCAL AND TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED in all parts of the country. Those at work are making from \$25 to \$50 a Week. We give exclusive territory. Practically no competition. Write To-Day for Special 1901 Agent's Proposition. B. W. Salisbury made \$7.50 the first day. M. E. Westbrook made \$38.00

MORPHINE

A Trial Treatment Free

Sent to anyone addicted to the use of Morphine, Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine or other drug habit. Contains VITAL PRINCIPLE heretofore unknown and lacking in all others. We Restore the Nervous and Physical Systems and thus Remove the Cause. Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially physicians having refractory cases. St. Paul Association, 46 B, Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

PAINLESS
and
PERMANENT
Home
Cure



TWO RINGS

FREE



Send name and address on stamp, and we will mail you 12 boxes of Comfort Cough Tablets. Will cure a cough in one day. Sell them for 10 cents a box. Send us the \$1.00 and we will mail you these two beautiful SOLID GOLD laid Rings. Will wear a lifetime. No money required till tablets are sold. We take back all not sold.

COMFORT MEDICINE CO., Providence, R. I.

FREE TRUSS

I have a truss that's cured hundreds of ruptures. It's safe, sure, and easy as an old stocking. No elastic or steel band around the body or between limbs. Holds any rupture. To introduce it every sufferer who answers this ad at once can have one free. It won't cost a cent. ALEX. SPEIRS, 222 Main St., Westport, Me.



SEND NO MONEY

out this ad. cut and send to us, state whether you wish Gent's or Ladies' Bicycle. (LADIES' WHEELS 56 CENTS EXTRA), color and gear wanted and we will send you this HIGHEST GRADE 1901 MODEL EDGEWORTH BICYCLE by express C.O.D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, the equal of bicycles that sell everywhere at \$25.00 to \$40.00 the BEST WONDERFUL BARGAIN YOU EVER SAW OR HEARD OF, then pay the express agent OUR SPECIAL PRICE, \$11.75 (or \$12.25 for ladies), and express charges, express charges are only 50 to 75 cents for 500 miles.

THE NEW 1901 MODEL EDGEWORTH

is covered by our written binding guarantee. Built on the very latest lines, made from genuine 1 1/2 inch best quality seamless steel tubing, 24, 26 or 28-inch frame. finest two-piece hanger, finest full ball bearings, handsome arch crown. Enamelled in black, green or maroon, neatly striped, highly nickle-plated, beautifully finished throughout. Highest grade equipment, saddle, toolbag and tools, pedals, up or down turned handle bars, highest grade genuine Clipper pneumatic tires, with quick repair kit, best of everything. Order today. \$11.75 is the lowest price ever known for a strictly High Grade Bicycle. A saving of \$10.00 to \$20.00. Order two Edgeworths at once, you can sell the extra one at profit enough to get yours free. Write for Free Bicycle Catalogue. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

UPHILL, DOWNHILL

OR



ON THE LEVEL

WITH THE
MORROW COASTER BRAKE

YOU RIDE 80 MILES AND PEDAL 35

It has created a new interest in cycling.
MORE THAN 100,000 IN USE.
Fits any cycle, new or old.
Every one guaranteed during the riding
season.

Down hill or on the level, the cyclist's
mount will move while the feet remain
perfectly still on the pedals
Sold by all dealers. Send free for booklet.

THE ECLIPSE MANUFACTURING CO.,
AVENUE 1, ELIZA, N.Y.

Don't
Get
Drunk

Save your money, brains and energy to fight the
battles of life.

It will take all of these you have to achieve success,
without any to waste on liquor. How many men would
be making twice as much money, and could look to a
bright future but for the drink curse? It reduces a man's
capabilities about 50 per cent. It destroys the confidence
of his employer and his friends; affects his credit and
places his future in the realm of uncertainty. And for
what does he sacrifice this? A habit that destroys
health, nerves and decency of appearance; causes irrita-
ting headaches, swollen eyes, indigestion, sleepless
nights, and many other complications too numerous to
mention, besides shame and remorse; often disgrace
and suicide.

Hundreds of drink-cursed men have been restored to
reason, health, and prosperity by the Bartlett Cure. It
is not an injection treatment, but a home cure, taken
without the knowledge of your friends or even your
family. It positively leaves no injurious or harmful
effects; it strengthens the system, improves the digestion
and makes new men of drunkards. It does not interfere
with daily work, and is taken without being noticed.

All correspondence free and confidential. Our cloth-
bound 36-page book on the cause, effect and cure of
alcoholism mailed in plain envelopes free.

THE BARTLETT CURE,

Congregational House,

14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.



The climax of
comfort
is found in

PRESIDENT
SUSPENDERS

If "President" is on the
buckles, it's genuine.
Sold everywhere, 50c.,
or by mail, postpaid.
Trimmings will not rust.
Every pair guaranteed.
C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.,
Box 901, Shirley, Mass.



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

Give in each town to ride and exhibit
sample 1901 Bicycle. BEST MAKES

1901 Models, \$10 to \$18

'99 & '00 Models, high grade, \$7 to \$12.

500 Second-hand Wheels

all makes and models, good as new.

\$5 to \$4. Great Factory Clearing

Sale at half factory cost. We ship

anywhere on approval and ten days

trial without a cent in advance.

EARN A BICYCLE distribut-

ing catalogues for us. We have a

wonderful proposition to Agents for

1901. Write at once for our Bargain

List and Special Offer. Address Dept. 55 F

MEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago



G & J

Detach-
able
Tires

Easy to ride
Easy to mend

G & J TIRE CO.

Indianapolis, Ind.



1901 Catalog Now Ready

The Inauguration of a New Policy

MARKED THE OPENING OF A NEW YEAR OF
SUCCESS IN THE ORDINARY DEPARTMENT OF

The Prudential

This Most Modern and Liberal Policy is
A PLAIN AND SIMPLE PROMISE TO PAY
It Contains No Confusing Technicalities

3 Varieties of Plans — Whole Life, Limited Payment Life and Endowment
Cost Low — May be paid for Annually, Semi-Annually, or Quarterly

SOME OF THE BENEFITS

Incontestable — After one year
Non-Forfeitable — After first annual premium is paid
Liberal Cash Dividends — At periods selected
Cash Loans — May be used to pay premiums if desired
Grace in Payment of Premium — No interest charged
Extended Insurance — Automatically prevents lapse
Paid-up Insurance — Protecting the policy-holder's interests
Annual Cash Surrender Values — Amounts plainly written in policy
Instalment Privilege — Providing yearly income for beneficiary if desired
Trust Fund Privilege — Affords secure investment for proceeds of policy
Payment of Claims Immediately upon the receipt of satisfactory proofs of death

AGES 16 to 65

AMOUNTS \$1,000 to \$100,000

FULL PARTICULARS AND SAMPLE POLICY
AT YOUR AGE GLADLY MAILED
FREE ON REQUEST TO

**The Prudential Insurance
Co. of America**

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President
HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.



**THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR**

Registered by
U. S. Patent Office.



Uric Acid or Gout
Poison in
Causation of
Disease.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

The Remedy and Preventive.

Alexander Haig, M. A., M. D., Oxon., F. R. C. P., *London,*
in his work on "URIC ACID in CAUSATION OF DISEASE," gives Excess
of Uric Acid in the Blood as the cause of Gout, Rheumatism, Calculi of
the Kidney and Bladder, Albuminuria, Bright's Disease, Heart Affec-
tions, Nervous Depression, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Epilepsy,
insanity, Asthma, Suicide, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Eczema, etc., etc.

HUNTER McGUIRE, M. D., LL. D., President and Professor of
Clinical Surgery, University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va., says:
"**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**, as an ALKALINE DIURETIC, is
invaluable. In URIC ACID, GRAVEL, and indeed, in diseases generally
dependent upon a Uric Acid Diathesis, it is a remedy of extraordinary
potency. I have prescribed it in cases of Rheumatic Gout, which had re-
sisted the ordinary remedies, with wonderfully good results. I have
used it also in my own case, being a great sufferer from this malady,
and have derived more benefit from it than from any other remedy."

Dr. B. P. Barringer, Professor of Physiology and Surgery, University
of Virginia.

"In more than twenty years of practice I have used Lithia as an ANTI-URIC
ACID agent many times, and have tried it in a great variety of forms, both in the
NATURAL WATERS and in TABLETS. As the result of this experience I have
no hesitation in stating that for prompt results I have found nothing to compare
with **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in preventing uric acid deposits in
the body. My experience with it as a solvent of old existing deposits (calculi) has been
relatively limited, and I hesitate to compare it here with other forms to their
disadvantage, but for the first class of con-
ditions above set forth I feel that **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**
STANDS ALONE."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally.

Testimonials which defy all imputation or question sent to any address.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

Springs are open for guests June 15, close October 1.

Situated on Danville Division of the Southern Railway.



Coffee Topers.

More of that kind than belong to the whiskey class. No criticism offered if the drug agrees with the system, and it does with some. About one in three are unpleasantly affected in some organ of the body, and the proof is found by the disease leaving when coffee is left off.

Postum Cereal Coffee furnishes perfect nourishment and quickly rebuilds a broken down nervous system. Proof is in trying. Grocers furnish at 15 and 25 cents.



MANY ADVANTAGES.

Perfect in fit, never ragged or uncomfortable. Very convenient, stylish, economical. Made of fine cloth and exactly resemble linen goods. Turn down collars are reversible and give double service.

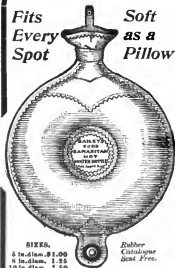
NO LAUNDRY WORK.

When soiled, discard. Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail, 30c. Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. O, Boston.

Fits Every Spot

Soft as a Pillow



SIZES.

6 in. diam. \$1.00
8 in. diam. 1.25
10 in. diam. 1.50
11 in. diam. 1.75

Rubber Catalogue Sent Free.

BAILEY'S

"Good Samaritan"

Trade Hot Water Bottle. Mark.

THE only Hot Water Bottle which fits every part of the body, stays without holding, and soothes instead of irritating. Its **HOLLOW DISK SHAPE** and thin model make it pillow-like and comfortable to lie upon.



For Neuralgia, Toothache or Earache the hollow permits a heating or steaming of the parts by placing in the disk a sponge or cloth wet with spirits.

By buttoning the two ends together see what a perfect heater it makes for the feet, what a perfect form for throat troubles or to stand next to the body. It is the most comforting and practical Hot Water Bottle ever made. No household should be without them.



Indorsed by Physicians and Hospitals. Every bottle guaranteed.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM. Mailed on receipt of price and 10 cts. for postage.

In writing please mention The Black Cat.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston Street, BOSTON, MASS.